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EDITORIAL

Christmas. A time for those who believe, truly, with all their heart, that there is a Santa Claus: a round, jolly man who can fly through the air, with no strings attached. What a lovely fantasy to grow up believing in, and what a horrible realization when your big brother says it just ain't so.

Heavy Metal is for people who still believe in that bearded man. Those who still wish (and don't tell) when they blow out candles on a cake. For those who wish upon a star.

Within the pages of *Heavy Metal*, one can become anything one chooses. A human eagle with wings the size of elephant ears. A Chandler-esque private eye who longs for a soft woman, a bottle of bourbon, and that one big break. Or a swashbuckling pirate who commandeers condos. All of these identities are as real to some as breathing is. The ability to let oneself loose, to fantasize without a moment's hesitation, to "fly" through the air with the greatest of ease.

In our society, we must make a painful transition from childhood to adulthood. No more Howdy Doody time, Giddy-up, Mr. Ed! Come puberty, we are supposed to shed our fantasies as easily as we stripped ourselves of our frills and baseball caps.

Storytelling has been a cultural mainstay throughout the ages. Merry minstrels performed for the young and old, and there was no embarrassment on the part of the adults who reveled in the musical splendor. *Alice in Wonderland* has been enjoyed by "kids of all ages," and its existence on adult bookshelves has never been questioned.

But we're in the eighties now. Kids are growing up faster than they ever have before. They often replace Jack and Jill with joints and jive by the time they've reached twelve, without looking back. And perhaps it's because of this that adults have become cynical and uninterested in the make-believe.

If we can bring you just a little closer to the days of Peter Pan and the Green Hornet (Cinderella would never set a glass-slappered foot into a magazine like this!), then we must be doing something right.

As far as I'm concerned, Alice really did walk through that looking glass.

—JSL



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... BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

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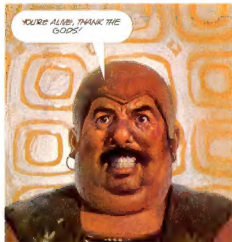
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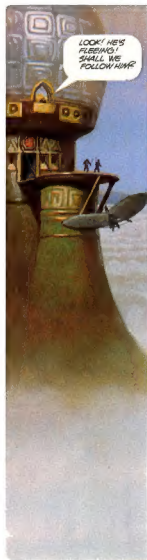
COMING TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS DAY



THE MERCENARY

Having saved the "damself in distress," the Mercenary fled on his newborn saurian. Young and weak, the bird dropped them on a nearby cliff, unable to carry them any further. They decided to camp there for the night, but when the Mercenary would not yield to the woman's flirtations, she became outraged. The following morning, he returned her to her home.









HERE, DRINK
SOME MORE
IT WILL HELP
YOU



I AM CONFUSED
WHAT ARE YOU GIV-
ING ME?



BREATHE? THEN I
AM ALIVE? AND I
OKE YOU MY LIFE
BUT, WHO ARE YOU?

AN HERBAL EXTRACT TO CURE YOUR
ALTITUDE SICKNESS. IT WILL ALLOW
YOU TO BREATHE HERE

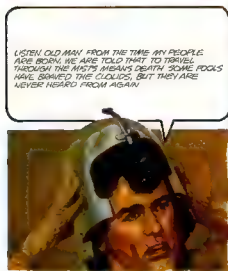


JUST ONE WHO LIVES HERE AND SAYS YOU OKE
ME NOTHING, BUT I PLEAD FOR MY PEOPLE
PLEASE DO NOT PUNISH US ANY LONGER. WE
DID NOT KILL THE ONES YOU SENT HERE



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT, OLD MAN?
I'VE NEVER EVEN
HEARD OF THIS PLACE!
AS FAR AS PUNISHING
YOU

YOU HAVE NEVER
HEARD OF US? BUT
YOUR PEOPLE ?



LISTEN, OLD MAN. FROM THE TIME MY PEOPLE
ARE BORN, WE ARE TOLD THAT TO TRAVEL
THROUGH THE MISTS MEANS DEATH. SOME POOLS
HAVE BORNE THE CLOUDS, BUT THEY ARE
NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN



YES, WE HAVE SEEN THEM FALL FROM THE SKY
AND ONE THAT IS WHY WHEN OUR CHIEF'S
DAUGHTER WAS TAKEN WE THOUGHT YOUR
PEOPLE WERE PUNISHING US, THINKING WE
HAD KILLED YOUR WARRIORS

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY DO YOU THINK MY
PEOPLE ARE BEHIND THIS?

THERE IS THE REASON, MY FRIEND? THAT
I'M AMONGST THE "LOUDS" AND THE
DAGS THAT MYSTICALLY HANDS THERE
WITH OUR CHIEF'S LAUGHTER WELD
CAPTIVE INSIDE

I DEFEAT THE "KNY" FORCES
THAT PULL ALL THINGS
GROUNDWARD? NO, OLD
MAN, MY PEOPLE ARE IN-
CAPABLE OF "SUCH" PRIDE

ALCOHOL AND NOT GOLD
BY THE GODS THIS PROVES
THAT YOUR WOMAN STEALER
IS NOT FROM MY LAND

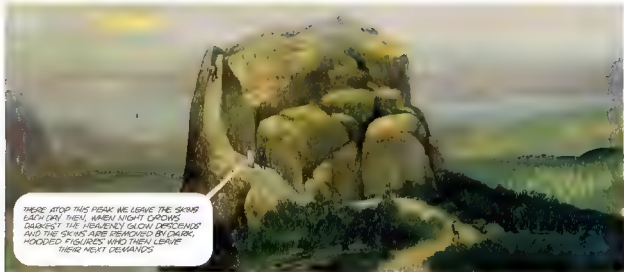
MY PEOPLE WE AL-
WAYS TALK OF MY
PEOPLE WHERE ARE
"YOU"?

HEY HAVE COME TO
THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY
ARE PREPARING THE RANSOM
OF ONE THOUSAND SKINS OF
ALCOHOL PLEASE COME SEE
THEM BUT LET ME HEAR THEM
OF YOUR COMING

"SO GRANDFATHER HAS TOLD ME "STRANGER"
BUT NOW I ADMIT TO BEING "WORN" CON-
FUSED THAN EVER. IF "YOUR PEOPLE DO
NOT HOLD MY DAUGHTER CAPTIVE WHO
DOES?" WHO IS DEMANDING THE "RANSOM"?

PERHAPS IF YOU ARE INTER-
ESTED THAT IS SOMETHING I
CAN DISCOVER FOR A PRICE
OF COURSE "SUCH" MERCENARY
WORK IS MY JOB AFTER ALL

COME THEN
STRANGER LET
US TALK







ONE CHANCE, AND
YET I SUCCEEDED



NOW, GIRL—SILENCE
AND HOLD STILL
WHILE I UNTIE YOU



PLEASE DON'T GO WHILE
YOU CAN, BEFORE YOU ARE
TAKEN PRISONER AS WELL

LET THEM TRY, GIRL
LET THEM TRY!

TO BE CONTINUED

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small medium large

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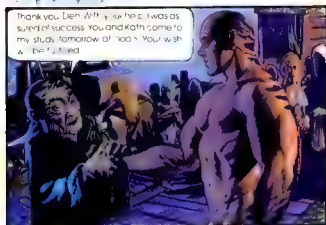
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If you do wish to order, but don't want to cut the coupon in this ad, please print the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.



Thank you, Den. With your help, I was as sure of success. You and Koth came to my study tomorrow at noon. Your wish will be fulfilled.



Den, may speak to you a moment?



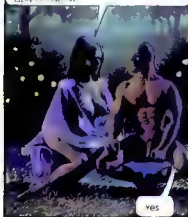
DEN II

Wanda

While searching for the queen's powerful stones, Den, Tam, and the others came across the queen's guards and a pit chock full of hungry reptiles. Once the stones were found, the group's almost futile effort to return to their ship proved nearly all for naught, when Den and the stones went tumbling off the side, as the ship took flight. Tam, an eternal enemy of Den's, caught him and saved Den's life.

When Corvus the great bird came where Corvus the great bird had to do, a most important.

soon be rich, making it a Muataren in y
island estate. It's very beautiful there
and am rather rich and reason
appealing, too.



yes

It's common knowledge that y and
Kath are having some difficulties.



Muata, what are
you getting at?

Don't go with. Let Kath go and you can
come and stay with me.

Muata, I appreciate
your feelings and
your thought.

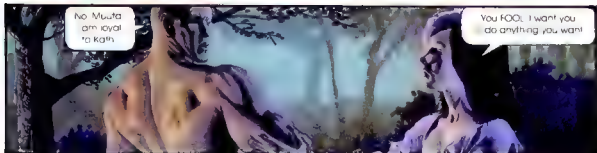


How long has it been, then, since
you've had some good play?



No, Muata
am loyal
to Kath.

You FOOL! I want you
do anything you want!

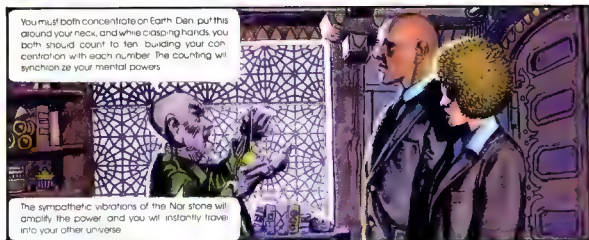
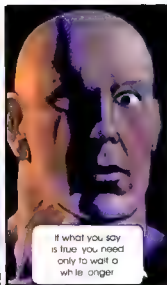


Shit!

Kath, erine
am going to take
you back to earth.

David, Really?
Do you mean it?







Tell the quartermaster we need more Gazir. The lever is malfunctioning and we've dropped to under eighty meters.



Damn women.
Always chasing
some big supercock.

go out and get
mangled by those things
and this is my reward.



GODDAMNED BITCH!

Size isn't everything.
I teach her that
I'm a better man
than her.

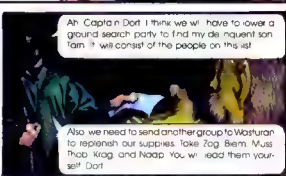


Muuta.
Where's she?

She's not
home yet.



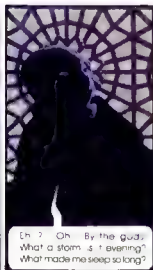
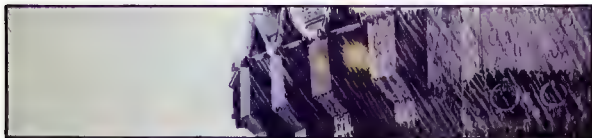
Mistress Muuta put me to bed last night.
Morning with her after dark.



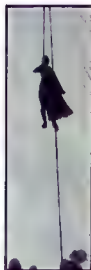


It is Master Scro's order. You four ride in the direction of Muulatan and search for Master Tam. If you can't find any trace in four days, return.

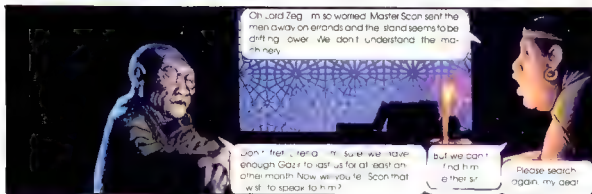
This is kind of queer. The only people left on Zegum except for the women and children are Scro's immediate family and servants.



Oh? Oh. By the gods, what a storm. Is it evening? What made me sleep so long?



Something seems odd.

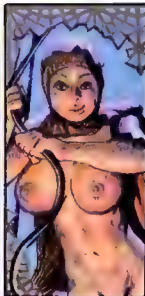


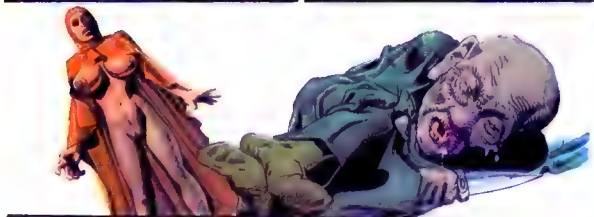
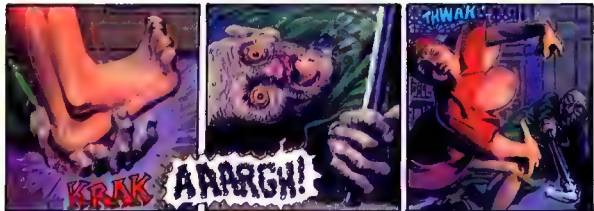
Oh, Lord Zegum, so worried. Master Scro sent the men away on errands and the island seems to be drifting over. We don't understand the machinery.

Don't fret, friend. I'm sure we have enough Gazzi to last us for at least another month. Now, will you tell Scro that we wish to speak to him?

But we can't find him either side.

Please search again, my dear.





TEX ARCAN

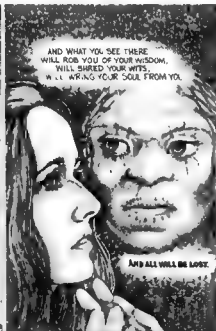
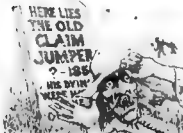
PART EIGHT

© FBI JOHN FINDLEY

AH, DEAR READER WOE IS ME! AND WOE, TOO, TO THOSE hapless INHABITANTS OF HANNAH'S CORNERS FOR SUSPECTED BY SOME, BUT UNBEKNOWNST, TO MOST, A HIDEOUS PALL OF PURE EVIL HAS SILENTLY SLITHERED UP AND LOOPED ITS CURSED COILS AROUND THAT UNFORTUNATE COMMUNITY, AND THIS EVIL GOES BY THE NAME OF YAMMERHANT.

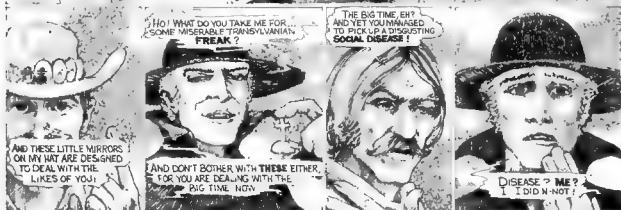
OH WRET TO DO? FOR THESE ARE CALLOW FOLK - CHILDREN, REALLY - AND CANNOT IMAGINE THE HORROR THAT LIES IN WAIT FOR THEM, MUCH LESS PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST IT.

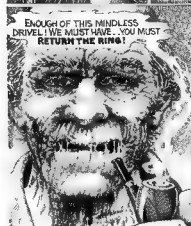
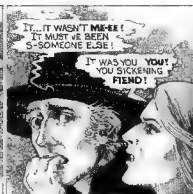
AND YET... AND YET PERHAPS ALL IS NOT LOST. EVEN NOW, IN A SECRET, SACRED GROTTO DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH, OUR MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE IS TELEPATHICALLY PALAVERING WITH A PALLID WRAITH FROM BEYOND THE MISTS OF THE DAWN OF TIME, THE GHOST OF...

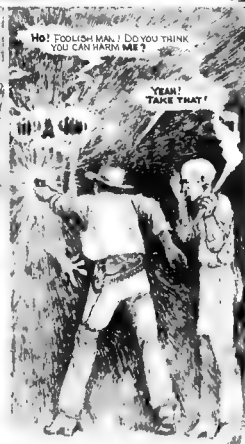












TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAIN MAIL

HM Movie Madness

Dear Sirs,

With your *Heavy Metal* movie, you are bringing fantasy and rock 'n' roll even closer together than before, which it seemed to me was your original intention. Any chance that we'll be seeing more rock-oriented stories in the near future? The likes of Devo and Stevie Nicks would make fascinating characters.

Bob Thouvenot
Pasadena, Tex

Yes, HM will be running more rock 'n' roll related material. In fact, we will have a special music section in our March issue
The Eds

Dear Heavy Metalites,

I've just come back from seeing the *Heavy Metal* movie for the third time, and my mind is still reeling with joy and ecstasy. Boy, for someone who has been involved in the making of only one movie (the sacred *Animal House*), Mogel sure seems to learn fast. Congratulations Leonard, the *Heavy Metal* movie is a masterpiece, a rock-and-roll sex fantasia. The high element of fantasy, science fiction, the unique, and sex combined with the explosive sound track is mind-blowing! I also shouldn't forget to praise Reitman, Potterton, Gross, Blum, and Goldberg. They too did a great job. All of the stories (as told by the evil Loc Nar) were faithfully and realistically reproduced from the magazine. Except for one, though "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." The original story had meaning and depth, the movie version was void of this except for some fine humor and Angus McKie's excellent backgrounds. Besides that, the film was perfect.

I also would like to say a few things about the MPAA. They are full of shit! I've read that scenes had to be cut from the movie because the Association was wagging an X rating in the film's face. Also, when I went to see the film I was confronted with "To see *Heavy Metal*, must have ID for over 17." Since I'm only fourteen I practically had to

bring a guy to get him to say he was my father. Sheesh, I've been going to R-rated films since I was seven. And I'm not going to the Funny Farm (Am I??)

Stuart Attinello
Chicago, Ill

Sirs,

Cut the fucking hype. I'm sick of it. How can you be proud of *Heavy Metal*, the movie, when just its presence degrades and defames *Heavy Metal*, the magazine? In the beginning when you didn't know what you were doing, *Heavy Metal* was free; it was a blazingly original concept (in America); it was daringly uncommercial. Your editorials, written in a crazy stream-of-thought fashion, gave the impression that you wanted it that way. In fact, in the November '77 issue your fear of becoming popular precluded you from putting Harlan Ellison's name on the cover. I can see the same issue now with a screaming *New York Post*-style headline blaring Mr. Ellison's presence. But that was in the beginning, when *Heavy Metal* was synonymous with *Metal Hurlant* and meant "screaming metal," a term completely dissociated from Judas Priest and AC-DC.

Heavy Metal used to be a forum for the new and different. Lou Stathis's music column gave deserved attention to interesting "rock" bands that were not given exposure elsewhere, due to their refusal to be mediocre and commercial. The Sex Pistols were more closely attached to *Heavy Metal*'s musical leanings than Van Halen ever was. But the columns went away also, along with Ted White, the most intelligent editor you've ever had. Now he's listed as a consultant. I wonder what he does now.

And now comes *Heavy Metal*, the movie. What a piece of shit. What commercial trash. I can see you're making it to the last drop. Movie souvenir books, posters, shirts, etc., etc. It makes me sick. But this wouldn't be so bad if the movie had some redeeming qualities, if it was anything like the old *Heavy Metal* magazine. But it's not. Richard Corben's "Den" is reduced to juvenile sexual fantasy: "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," to a drug joke. Because of the green-hall bit Wrightson's story lost its entire punch. Jesus, the movie sucked.

And now I'm stuck with the task of explaining to all my friends that the movie was nothing like the magazine. "You've been reading that stuff." Yeah, I tell them—but it was different. Remember Moebius, remember Arzach, remember Voss, remember Muntellier, Davis, Drulle! The entire fucking *Heavy Metal* movie did not have one damn French artist!

And while I'm raving—who the fuck is Brad Balfour? What does he know about comic art, about any art, about anything? The man is a moron masquerading as an intellectual. Has anyone out there really read his editorials? Tell me about the "intimate gathering at the electronic roost." Brad, I too want the age of mass spectacle to be doomed. And maybe more people will relate intuitively at home through "electronic systems interplay" than through "depersonalized groupings" (Sept. 81). Jeze, I sure hope

so, Brad. And Brad, while we're at it, tell me more about "visual ecology" (Oct. '81) and the balance between "organisms and inorganic elements of the environments." Tell me more about the balance between "good and evil, light and dark, hard and soft." Tell me more, Brad, tell me more.

David Fleissig
Great Neck, N.Y.

Phew! Slow down, li'l doggie! In answer to one of your many jabs, the HM movie *did* act at tempt to employ Moebius, Caza, and the Schaten Bros., among other French artists. Unfortunately, none were able to make long-term commitments. The Eds

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I saw *Heavy Metal* (the movie), I have been fascinated with Taarna. After I saw it the second time, my fascination turned into an obsession, then into something more. There is not a day going by that I have not thought over and over about her.

I have been reading *Heavy Metal* for some time, but I have not seen anything like her. I love everything about her, but I cannot explain specifically. The beauty, the independence, the warriorlike qualities (among other things) are all things that make me fee, this way. She is everything I would love to be with and even to be like.

I have thought it over time and again, and I have decided that the only reason I can be so upset and preoccupied with her (close to crying a few times in my frustration) is that there must be something seriously wrong with me (which makes me even more upset, realizing this). I cannot think of any other reason. After all, it's only a character in a movie, and an animated one at that. But somehow that thought does not comfort me much. I wrote hoping that you could help me in some way, and for others who may have the same problem.

I hope that after a time I will forget her, but something inside me hopes that I will not forget her.

H Zahakos
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear H Z: No reason to feel funny about your infatuation with Taarna. *Heavy Metal* and fantasy, together or as separate entities, tend to do that to people. As a matter of fact, I found Benny in American Pop real sexy. As a wise man once said, "Good animation beats the real thing, by a long shot." JSL

Dear Sirs,

I have recently seen the *Heavy Metal* movie (several times, in fact), and I was very impressed. I felt that it was worthy of its name, although I do not recall a sequence entitled "Neverwhere," by Cornelius Cole, which was described in the August issue of *HM*. The drawings on pages 46 and 47 looked very promising. Could you explain what happened to this sequence, and why it was not used in the final version of the film?

Gerard Damuano

Yep, Cornelius Cole's "Neverwhere" was unfortunately cut from the final version of the HM

It was a simple case of fitting ten pounds of sugar into a five-pound bag. Couldn't fit it in so they had to snap somewhere The Eds.

Dear Ed:

An unexpected situation is to find a major change in the format of a regularly produced newsstand magazine. Generally things tend to plod along regardless of staff changes, desertion of artists and writers, or even in the face of shipping sales. Uniquely enough, *Heavy Metal* has experienced a major overhaul under the wise control of Leonard Mogel.

In the past, the magazine evolved into a "slick underground." While normally this would be a compliment, it isn't intended as such. The glut of undergrounds in the late sixties early seventies left us with a great pool of talent, but it also produced a major portion of (North) America's illiterate comics. Without editorial control, the criterion of "readability" fell out of windows and dashed creative brains on the sidewalk below. A flood of incomprehensible, unresearched, stick-figure comic attracted no one's eyes, but were published all the same.

To question the applauded genius of R. Crumb, Spain, S. Clay Wilson, etc., is a certain folly that can be matched only by discussing the merits of the (too many) poor, unfurnished talents that produced uncalled-for work.

But to return to an earlier wordage (of my own choice): "The magazine evolved into a slick underground" comic. Past issues were sprawling with (technically) poorly drawn, ill-conceived, perennially continued vignettes of minimal interest (at best) and basically short chapters (and half-pages) that contained no order or continuity or followable characterization.

At one time *Heavy Metal* exploited the worst efforts of undergrounds but wrapped it up in a formal package that cost too much. The regular readers of comics I know skipped numerous editions, and those that did continue to steadfastly buy did so only for the reprinted Richard Corben works that they had missed in earlier years.

The changes in *Heavy Metal* under Mogel can lead any reader to only one exit of thought: "Why hadn't this happened earlier?"

The magazine was dead on its feet and either a resuscitation was inevitable or (under those then current standards) *HM*'s cancellation was. An abundance of predictable material was published well, either predictable or simply "without point."

A certain example was the long-running, continually boring "Changes," by (I believe, off the top of my head without the magazines in front of me) Matt Howarth. What could have begun as an interesting two-chapter story dragged its artistic legs page after page, month after month, to present itself as a variation on the famed "Chinese water torture."

This magazine, *Heavy Metal*, has the finest-quality printing available to comics, and yet at said time it was searching out the worst dreck it could find. No wonder comics carry the air of a "bad word" in some very limited

social circles.

The new *Heavy Metal* proves itself as the booklet everyone (or at least I) has been patiently waiting for over the past fifteen years. There was much talk (fandom talk) in the sixties about slick-styled comics, and numerous attempts were made by small publishers (whose fanzines/prozines rapidly faded...). Always the potential of *Heavy Metal* has been without limit. The quality of reproduction for comic artwork has been everywhere unmatched in (North) America.

Now the magazine of "excellent comic strip reproduction" is giving its audience what it requested in the first place, "excellent comic strips." It was folly from the beginning NOT to publish the top comic strip artists. But now we have them.

Applause comes for the present intervention of Steranko, Jeffrey Jones, Chaykin (again), Corben, Simonson, and, well... you name him.

As you know well, the readers of your magazine (I hope) are not morons or strung-out "dopes" (looking for quick kicks); they are serious people expecting their due of serious literature and serious comics. The appearance of a writer of William Burroughs's stature can only add important significance to *HM*'s political weight. There simply is no reason why anyone informed enough to collect *Esquire*, Charles Bukowski's poetry, or *Time* or *Mother Jones* or *Rolling Stone* should feel slighted by a two-dollar comic book.

In the past several issues of *Heavy Metal*, the said pamphlet has reared "its ugly head," as it should. The current *HM* is Stravinsky's *Firebird* using.

The current magazine fits well into any treasure trove.

It is, though, time for *HM* to reconsider its audience, and a time for the motors behind this publication to accept that its audience is made up of (of course) Marvel Comics fans, and some dragged-out hippie hangers-on and so on; but more important are people who prefer Nelson Algren to Schulz's "Peanuts," individuals who select Selby over "She-Hulk," and Fassbinder followers who would rather see the old *Three Stooges* reruns than be exposed to (yet another) foolish Carmine Infantino "Dial H for Hero" comic.

Do not under-observe us. Remember that Malcolm McLaren made a good fortune by providing the opposite.

Comics have never been something to laugh about, as I'm assured Harlan Ellison would announce.

Ronn Sutton
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Misc. Repartee

Dear Ed

I would like to know how Den, at the bottom of page 40, *HM* Oct. '81, still has his prick on after his encounter with all those little munchers.

John Casten
San Francisco, Calif.

J: Who are we to question what turns Den on?—The Eds.

Statement of Ownership

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Len Mogel Publisher

DOSSIER

'Tis the season to be crabby or at least that's how I feel this time every year. The syn-fueled seasonal frenzy of self-serving charity and consumerist gift giving that seizes mind control (like the beguiling of *Outer Limits*) so offends my delicate sensibilities that even a December 25 resurrection of Elvis would bring a humbug snarl to my lips.

But knee-jerk negativity is just as asinine as Pollyanna positivism. Unreasoned contempt invalidates anything someone says, because they're responding to their own inner anger and not to anything relevant to the work being gleefully disemboweled. So the proper response to Christmas Cheer ain't Justice Surliness (shucks!)—it must be a careful rationalized attack skillfully directed only at fully deserving targets. Benefits to this abound: it not only satirically purges the system's foul humors; it also provides a theatrical venue for one's new-thetic psychodrama. The Tragedy of Taste, so to speak; one short act of learning sandwiched into life's intermission.

Most people draw boundaries. By marking off whole areas, you at once accomplish convenience (entire genres to ignore!) and gross stupidity (narrow-minded geek!). My boundary, drawn in bright red and reinforced with barbed wire and guard dogs, surrounds country music. The stuff makes me gag. Listening to it reminds me of puking up on Big Macs—lowest-common-denominator consumables. Take Tammy Wynette's *You Brought Me Back* (Epic). Please. Everywhere this one plays it safe: the music sucks to clichés you can hum in your sleep, performance



NEW MUSIC

so understated it's nearly invisible and worst yet—MSG soaked sentiment drips from the vinyl like blood in a Sam Peckinpah movie.

I also got a problem with (ahem) heavy metal. Music that's all meat and no motion gives me a headache. Boredom metamorphoses into amusement, however, when litchi-meisters like Judas Priest enter the scene. Lead howler Rob Halford brandishes his totem like a berserk shaman desperately hexing his impotence with awful fetish objects. *Point of Entry* (Columbia) lays off the Arvan Leather Boys in Bondage cover posturing in favor of a demure penetration image. Same old thud thud inside, though. At least Ozzy Osbourne's *Blizzard of Oz* (Jet/CBS) tosses some melody and even humor, our way along with the raw meat. Old Oz relates to heavy metal as Iggy relates to punk—he's staked the lun Stone Age with

Black Sabbath (Cromagnon to Led Zeppelin's Neanderthal) and the geezer continues croaking with undiminished lunacy. Young huns like Def Leppard could learn a few tricks from honing old farts like Ozzy instead of trying to reinvent the wheel using a square. Not an original thought or lick can be found on *High 'n' Dry* (Mercury), just another generation of cardboardly party animals on the rise.

Heavy metal, like heroic fantasy, dead-ended itself into a stone wall years ago (the two not surprisingly, share power and domination symbology). Extremism only remains, and Motorhead rules! If played at proper volume (peak, their live *No Sleep Til Hammer* Smith (Mercury)) will take care of trouble-some Third World nations better than a heaping Hag-full of nuclear weapons. This record *kills* in fact, the surgeon-general should make 'em print that on

the label). The only platter even distantly comparable, *The Decline of Western Civilization* (Slash), documents the LA punk scene. A whole crew of hilariously incompetent bands play as loud and as fast as they can! At least Motorhead can all keep up with each other.

Anybody out there who digs this stuff should check out Crass and their Yankee debut *Penis Envy* (Rough Trade). Immensely popular in England, Crass focus the anger and overwhelming power-chorded energy of heavy metal into sharp, intelligent, ironically humorous, political commentary (sexism this time).

Records like the Moody Blues' *Long Distance Voyager* (Threshold/Polygram) make me think there should be a mandatory retirement age for wimp rockers. For more than a decade the M.B.'s have worked to smooth out the rough edges from their music. Coupled with their winning way with adrenergic profundities, it makes one heckuva vinyl neck wringer.

And now, the Big One (trumpets, please). Prize-winning entry in the contest for This or Any Year's Most Aesthetically Offensive Record: *Stars on Long Play* (RCA/Antenna). This one's so bad it had me raving, foaming, and howling for weeks. Get this: a whole damn side's worth of Beatles snippets (twenty-nine of 'em) all strung together across a somnolent disco beat. Nostalgic button pushing at its most nakedly pandering. Needless to say this thing is selling better than Kool Aid in Jonestown. Donnie and Marie? Come back from Hawaii we need you!

Lois Stathis

VARIETY SPICER

Bill Spicer recently brought forth the fourth *Fanfare*, subtitled "The Magazine of Popular Culture and the Arts." In addition to familiar subjects (Frazer, 3D, Bakshi, country music), the 'zine also probes surgically deep into the underbelly of arts arcana—the turbulent grandeur of Szukalski's sawney sculpture, the film noir

crime comics link, and the massive output of Japanese TV animation not seen in the USA.

Having actively pubbed for almost twenty years, editor Spicer launched a precursor to the undergrounds in '63. It was *Fantasy Illustrated*, a comic book featuring primordial Jeff Jones art, transmuted into *Graphic Story Magazine* (specializing in lengthy and wonder-

Fanfare



fully anecdotal Q&A artist interviews).

Although the new *Fanfare* variety format hasn't pleased all the older *GSM* readers, in Number 4 Spicer boldly grooves into graphic experiments with a twenty-page insert successfully simulating an old pulp mag. *Fanfare* Numbers 2, 3, and 4 go for \$3.50 each (from 329 N. Ave. 66, Los Angeles, CA 90042)—a nice price for this curious chronicle of born-again nostalgia.

—Bhob

NIGHTMARES

In an almost rock-'n'-roll sense (erse, rhythmic prose stark, unrepentant images), science-fiction writer Dave Sklar seeks an answer to a traumatic world in his two books *Strangers* and *When the Herd Goad* (Pocket Books). Back drop: desolate emotional landscapes with people tearing off of various obsessions (in the first, the shooting up of memories contained in R.N.V. in the other, the institutionalization of children as parasitic power figures in a world destitute of natural human children). Sklar features characters who no longer tire of such despairing scenarios, to be afraid. Yet for him, the search continues regardless of the feeling that ultimately nothing can be resolved.

Brad Baker

While all know a good mystery. They serve as mirrors to the ambiguities and who-dene-it nature of our very own day-to-day lives. And what real life avoids in the study of actual villains and their victims, a good mystery will provide. The four books reviewed here are all well entrenched in the genre and feature interesting geometric angles.

Two mysteries set in alien societies are *Gorky Park* (Random House), which takes place in modern-day communist Russia, and *Brinkman* (Doubleday), is not too far away, but futuristic America, South America, and France. Both novels record extreme sociological mutations: good ideas gone bad. And the two novels share a fascination with wealth and power, however diverse their settings may be. (Some things will never change.)

The hero of *Gorky Park* is a Moscow detective not unlike Philip Marlowe or Sam Spade. His general optimism has been somewhat deteriorated, along with his marriage, but he is still willing to fight the good fight, for lack of anything more stimulating. He battles corruption in his

MYSTERIOUS MANIA

own government as well as a sinisterly interesting American trader. Author Martin Cruz Smith has included all the right elements: there are a beautiful girl and a good twisting plot. All in all, it offers compelling reading. Best of all, the strangeness of the Soviet system transforms the reader into the stranger in this strange land.

In *Brinkman*, set in the not so distant American capitalist future, Goulart walks through his terrain with the surefootedness of Yogi Berra. Democracy has turned to fascism, but there is still plenty of room for our rebellious hero, Justin Brinkman, to play around in. This is a 1984-ish "no exit" society. Delightfully, the enemy is a fast food called

"Grah." Goulart portrays the evolution of our culture as always fascinating and amusing; his superstar female newscaster delivers broadcasts either from a shower (morning news) or from a bed while dressed in a negligee (evening news). Futuristic genres indeed.

Willy a poet such as D. M. Thomas could have constructed as fascinating a mystery as *The White Hotel* (Viking). This innovative novel paints the portrait of a young lady from Vienna, Lisa Brinkman, as she barely trends water above her all-consuming neurasthenia and hysteria, which threaten to drown her. Similar to the best-seller *Ragtime*, *The White Hotel* uses real charac-

ters, such as Freud, to establish a firm footing for a tale so devastating in its humanness and sorrow that I doubt whether few who enter its world will not return somewhat haunted. Into the realm of the unconscious with that master detective Sigmund Freud, we follow the clues of the ego, id, and notorious libido in *The White Hotel*.

Onward to Hong Kong, where the cast of characters in *Set Fi* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) reads like a who's who at Marvel Comics. The "All-Asia Science Fiction and Horror Movie Festival" serves as the backdrop for William Marshall's latest Yellow-thread Street mystery. Always fast-moving, with an intoxicating Mardi Gras atmosphere, its characters range from The Object and The Slave to the notorious Spaceman, complete with ray gun, who follows detective Chief Inspector Harry Feiffer through this ghastly criminal terrain. *Set Fi* combines the slickness of the Keystone Cops (i.e., Hong Kong) with the suspense of a Sam Spade novel for a close encounter of the gonzo kind.

—Elliot Murphy



Frank Herbert

MYSTICAL HERBERT MIX

For a genre that calls itself science fiction novels written off a mystical impulse and grokked as such by the relationship have been a staple of the sf genre. Indeed it could be said to be rather central to its spiritual aesthetic and commercial core from Stapledon to Clark, from *Stranger in a Strange Land* to *Dune*. A. A. Attanasio's im-

pressive first novel, *Radix* ("Morrow Quills," is such a novel at least seemingly informed by the writer's genuine felt vision of a very different future, in which the earth has been transformed by a seven century in intersection with a beam of physical and mystical nature streaming from a "naked singularity" at the galaxy's core. Married only by a final section of resolution

but really shot do have been presented near the novel's beginning as setup. *Radix* is that, current rami—an sf novel of mystical vision ambitious written and conceived in a very.

Dune, that is to say, the first novel in Frank Herbert's now seemingly endless series, was also such a novel transforming the consciousness of a generation of young readers with its sensory tale of Paul Atreides, the boy who becomes a messiah and then a god. *God Emperor of Dune* (aka *Dune IV*, Putnam) however is a hideous textbook example of how mystical vision degenerates into mere religiosity via the pursuit of Maimon. Paul is long gone, succeeded by his son Leto who has turned out in a somewhat worshipping and instead of the old clanks of *Dune* we have a story sufficient for a 15,000 word novelette, padded out to book length by the spouting of pseudo profundities, and serving mainly as a bridge to *God Emperor*, which is a book of 100,000 words. *Sandworms of Dune* is to *God Emperor of Dune* as *Zen* is to *East Come* on Frank, let it be.

Norman Spinrad

valued shock

While hanging out during Tah Hunter's recording session for the title song of John Waters' latest film, *Polyester*, I told the director about the only time I ever went to his hometown, Baltimore, Maryland. I was a preteen, and he stayed in a hotel that once had been the city hospital; throughout the night my mother kept insisting we had had the unfortunate luck of renting the operating room. Since reading Waters's memoirs, *Shock Value* (Delta), I will not hesitate to visit Baltimore, Maryland, again. And I might even go there on purpose. John has generously outlined everything a tourist to Maryland's capital city should know and needs to know: shopping, night spots, outstanding architecture, even historical landmarks.

Regardless of how merely functional *Shock Value* appears to be, the author never lets the

reader's mind wander or wonder. With precise recall all the way back to his earliest adventures, Waters brings to life his vision of embarrassing examples of bad taste. From the first to the last vitriolic word, there's no doubt as to what John Waters thinks of you, your friends, and your relatives.

Now John Waters lets us in on his genius philosophy. He tells how he did it (the real truth), how he got all those disgusting moments captured on film, as if anyone wanted to know in the first place. As a semi-autobiography *Shock Value* is hilarious. With scathing humor the author reveals what unique vision *Pink Flamingos*, *Multiple Maniacs*, *Desperate Living*, and now *Polyester* share with the film lovers of the world. And remarkably, I'm left with the idea that John Waters has a very big heart.

—Deborah Harry



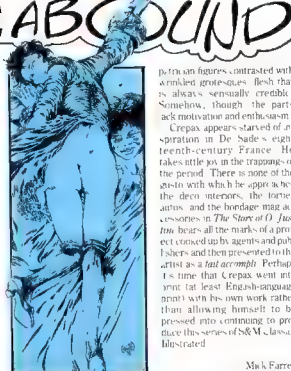
Divine, John Waters.

Photography by Christopher Makos

DE SADE ABC

It should have been a daring, if not a meeting of the major work of history's grand master of violent, erotic fantasy, fully illustrated by one of today's most acclaimed erotic artists. Yet somewhere along the line the whole project slips out of focus, and disappointment results. It's too late to start questioning De Sade's credentials, so I guess the responsibility must rest on Crepax and his version of *Justine* (Grove).

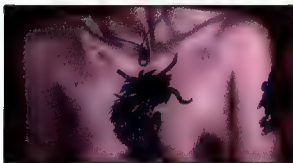
Born Guido Crepax's draftsmanship and his imagination are of the highest order. His *Valentina* forced the reader to drift with the hallucinations, his aftermoon fantasy. His strip cartoon version of Pauline Réage's *Story of O* pioneered illustrated erotica in strip form. *Justine* ought to have crowned this phase of his career, but somehow comes off forced and repetitive. The usual ingredients are there—slim



patron figures, contrasted with embled grotesques, flesh that is always sensually credible. Somehow, though, the part's motivation and enthusiasm. Crepax appears starved of inspiration in De Sade's eighteenth-century France. He takes little joy in the trappings of the period. There is no gusto with which he approaches the deconstructions, the tortures, and the bondage mind exercises in *The Story of O*. *Justine* bears all the marks of a project coddled up by agents and publishers and then presented to the artist as a *fait accompli*. Perhaps it is true that Crepax went into work at least English-language print with his own work rather than allowing himself to be pressed into continuing to produce this series of S&M classics illustrated.

Mark Farren

TATTOO SPLENDOR



With the pluralization of the arts, tattooing has gone from being a subterranean semicoutlaw art form (it was worn by the Yakuza—the ancient Japanese criminal gangs—as a badge

of membership) to something of semilegitimacy. At least, that seems to be the case with the outpour of books on the subject such as the current *Skin Show: The Art and Craft of Tattoo*

(Dragon's Dream) by Christopher Wroblewski, and the past release of Spider Webb's *Pushing Ink* (Fireside) and *Heavily Tattooed Men and Women* (McGraw-Hill).

Webb, New York State's master of the art, has gone so far as to forge the ties between fantasy and the art by doing a show in conjunction with artist Boris Vallejo. But the connection with fantasy is obvious, not only in the mystic images now being grafted to skin but in the whole mystique surrounding the act of tattooing. Once it carried the sublime significance of a shaman's blessing, now it still carries the notion of some trial by fire. Certainly, given the blessing of it as a folk art, greater care is taken with the images added to skin. But, though these

books argue fast and furious for its acceptance not only as some magic ritual but as an art form done on just another of the many kinds of canvases, it still has room to evolve aesthetically.

Even if it never receives the acceptance Webb yearns for, he maintains a dedication to the extreme—from his devotional collection in *Heavily Tattooed* to his voracious research in *Pushing Ink*. Although Wroblewski's book places tattooing in the context of hardcover coffee-table splendor, it doesn't compare with the range of figures and background of Webb's. The former is a mere introduction to the degree of obsession Webb's work is obsessed with.

Brad Bateman

My Ten Favorite Japanese Monster Movies



by Glenn O'Brien

Godzilla (1956) The first, the best. Raymond Burr appears in one of his more believable roles.

Rodan (1957) One of the first flying Japanese monsters, this flying dinosaur is still the most handsome. Special effects and sound directing by the great Inoshuro Honda.

Gamera the Invincible (1966) This 400-foot flying turtle obliterated much of Tokyo but with out malice. As the little boy who befriended him put it: "Gamera doesn't mean to step on people. He's just lonely." A great Batman style theme song, too. "Sayonara Gamera."

Mothra (1962) An Inoshuro Honda classic with tremendous subliminal political and metaphysical implications. The beast is hypnotically controlled by twin toddler girls and their strange cult.

King Kong vs. Godzilla (1963) King Kong gets to be the good guy we knew he was all along

making the world safe for warm-blooded bipeds.

Attack of the Mushroom People (1963) The first fungus creatures in a toadstool precursor of *The Alien*, directed by Honda. Unfortunate picnickers are transformed.

Ebirah—Terror of the Deep (The world is threatened by a giant lobster, the largest non-knoser beast on record.)

Frankenstein Conquers the World (1966) He tries to, anyway. Not the real Frankie but a very large imitation. Nipped in the bud by Nick Adams. TV's "The Rebel."

Destroy All Monsters (1968) The all-star game of monsters with Godzilla turning good guy and leading a beastly alliance against the challengers from planet Kilaak. Godzilla Jr. steals the show, rooting on the sidelines.

Space Amoeba (1970) Not a masterpiece film but the ugliest star of them all—not so much an amoeba as a giant scungilli.



Not all horror films require an obvious monster. The best monsters come out of the mind, not the body. Witness Joan Crawford in *Straight Jacket*.

An irresistible dead-movie-star horror flick, *Mommie Dearest* delivers buckets of surreal, mother love child abuse. A necrophiliac's delight, Faye Dunaway, in synthetic wigs and tons of *Planet of the Apes* makeup, transforms into a frightful wax museum Joan Crawford in the comic nightmare of daughter Christina's poison-pen book about life with mommie weird.

Every horror movie needs an outrageous set and costumes. While the atrocious psycho drama script and everything else in the movie go floovee, the eerie art deco Beverly Hills movie queen mansion and the 1940s retro costumes are drop-dead

menacing. La Crawford, it seems, even slept in monstrous-shoulder padded pajamas and trademark, fuck me high heel ankle-strap pumps.

Relatively mesmerizing Faye Dunaway gets real wacky when she "trashes" her alter-screen goddess ego in Crawford's insane *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* emoting. Looking like the wicked witch of the North with her face covered in white cold cream, Dunaway Crawford commits the ultimate atrocity. She beats the shit out of poor little Christina with a can of scouring cleanser, all because the girl hung a dress on the wrong type of clothes hanger.

Truly great cult movie trash *Mommie Dearest* is right up there with *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Daphne Davis

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When Chris Stein and Debbie Harry first came to Heavy Metal with these photographs, we all were overwhelmed by the results of their collaboration with Giger. Giger, of course, was already a highly esteemed contributor to the magazine and had long been considered not only a megastar in the field but almost in a class of his own. Debbie and Chris not only suited the general musical tastes already represented within the pages of HM, but had proven their credentials as purveyors of fantasy. (They have just completed the musical score for the upcoming animated film *Drach*). So, when these photos landed on the desk here, we all said, "Sure, but how?" Well, it was decided that nobody except Debbie and Chris themselves could speak of their experience with end observations about Giger, his success, and the effect of his art. So, the forum has been returned over to them (with a little bit of help from me).

H. *Mr. Lippert is a man usually misunderstood. Dressed in black, with his intense fascination with bones and skulls, he's been accused of practicing black magic and witchcraft. He's been dubbed this generation's Aleister Crowley, or worse. To many, he seems like unleashed voodoo hell. And in Switzerland, his home, he's known among journalists as "Horror Rex."*

"Yet, like his many fantasy-art contemporaries, he is merely attracted to the imagery. As with Nazi imagery, which has historically had its magnetic appeal, there's a sense of the pagan and forbidden to his work as well. The clandestine has always attracted people, just as the forbidden fruit has. The same goes for Giger and his powerful work. He goes beyond the conventional; he takes things further than most of us do."

*"When the movie *Alien* first appeared, it was Giger's designs that stirred up all the pseudo-sensationalist bullshit. Giger became internationally notorious as *Alien*, and the *Alien*'s images became banned. Theaters in England even offered special treatment for *Alien* shock. The full-sized *Alien*, face buggler, and baby *Alien* that burst out of the man's stomach were all "too*

—BB

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SWISS KIND

by Deborah
Harry
and
Chris Stein



Photographs by Chris Stein

From left to right: Giger and Debbie Harry in metal face masks; another style of body and face makeup; Debbie with a sarcophagus; the members of the cast all together.



strong. (Giger even scared himself one night when he went to brush his teeth and ran into his *Alien* model in the dark.)

When *Koolhaas* came out, there was the same intense reaction. "Did you hear about your cover being banned by British Rail?" asked an English journalist during a phone interview while we were in Switzerland. That was the first we heard of the reaction. Then another British station banned the cover from television. The explanation: it was too disturbing.

We knew the cover would cause reaction but maybe were overconfident, even naive, to believe it would simply be taken as art. It was a risk we were willing to take.

Risk-taking was something we have been familiar with. We were very conscious of what was involved. It is a matter of having style more than anything else, something Giger understands and possesses as well. When we began doing what we're doing, we didn't think in terms of *new wave*, we thought of having a sense of style. Having style meant not walking with the crowd but being either a bit forward or behind it. When we started out we were called a nostalgia act because we did sixteen

pop material rather than the get-down-and-boogie stuff which was popular then. We did the opposite of what was current, and we've never stopped trying to do the unexpected.

Giger also plays with opposites, that's the essence of his work. In a philosophy called yin-yang, whatever draws you in and repels, whatever is organic—in Giger's own vision—is all related. Even in music production it's the same combination of opposites, of working with machines to produce the organic sounds of music.

Ever since we met Giger at the Hansen Gallery in New York nearly two years ago, we've thought of working together. Similar loves for science fiction, skulls, and pagan archetypes forged an automatic union. We remembered his posters in the late sixties when he was the first European psychedelic-poster artist. Then we knew of him as the artist of *Alien*. And we found out that Giger began listening to us while working on *Alien* in England. Our ascendance paralleled his as we simultaneously became aware of each other.

So, when the decision faced us to do the album cover, a phone call was made, arrangements were discussed, and Giger was on the job. From a head shot by English photographer Brian Arns, Giger did four massive airbrushed paintings (two have never before been seen and will be in his next book), all of his own design. But that was only the beginning. We decided he would direct the promotional video made from two songs off the album—and he chose them.

When we landed in Zurich to do the taping, we didn't even know whether Giger, his wife, Mia, and his manager, Ueli Stenly, would be there. But they were, in their customary colors. Giger and wife in black and Stenly, would be there. But they were, in their customary colors. Giger and wife in black and Stenly, would be there. But they were, in their customary colors.

Giger lives in a quiet section of Zurich, in a couple of modest, simple houses—the semi-detached kind that one often sees in England. He bought and combined two of them to create both a home and a studio. Outside was quiet as in the rest of the neighborhood. Only his garden, wild with untrimmed shrubbery (growth which he has purposely maintained because he likes the

random images and shapes that occur), suggested the atmosphere made.

Walking into his house, one sees that it's totally his environment, from the burning transference on its like stepping into a world completely black and white. It seems to be a huge collection of opposites both cluttered and orderly at the same time. He's the perfect counterbalance to the typical staunchly conservative citizen of Zurich. As he jokingly told us later, "Until I was on television my neighbors regarded me with extreme suspicion. Afterwards it was all right."

From the foyer at the entrance, either the stairs, country kitchen, or dining room confronts you. But the dining room is the temple—a shrine for Giger's art, with huge floor-to-ceiling paintings and objects. Gigerian. In the middle sits a black dining table, biomechanically designed with a marble-slab centerpiece inlaid with a gold pentagram. And atop that sits a black candleburn with Christ figures upside down and right side up (that's pagan).

Giger is an industrial designer, which is very apparent to you the moment you step into his home. Even something as alien

Photographs by Chris Stein

looking as his chairs is structurally sound. The *Alien* creature with its McLuhanesque quality of being the machine as an extension of the organic makes sense biologically. The face huggers, with its air sacs, isn't just decorative. Giger's work has a subconscious effect: it engenders the fear of being turned into metal. It's awesome—the work of an ultimate perfectionist—a true obsession.

For his work with our video, he was as driven as he always is. He gathered together the huge murals as backdrops, made a sarcophagus, special stencils, a headband, and exaggerated acupuncture needles, which were used for the album cover. Like the Phantom of the Opera looming over his organ all hours of the night, Giger was completely immersed in the two productions. From the moment we arrived he

fired questions at us to work out concepts he had in mind. And the shooting didn't take long at all, only four days, in fact. In *Backfire*, they had to rebuild the explosions of the sarcophagus to get it right. Using a smoke machine that looked something like a mechanical vacuum cleaner out of a Max Ernst painting, they kept yelling, "More smoke, more smoke," in German. With *Now I Know You Know*, Giger assembled a whole temple made from the multipanelled *Passage* painting. Within the painting is the image of a huge cock made of melting babies coming out of an even larger abstract zipper. A portion of it, called "The Steps of the Magician," has all his weird male/female symbols. And

From left to right: Giger stands menacing in his own "Passage-way"—part of the temple used in *Now I Know You Know* (top); Debbie in cover makeup with Giger; (bottom) sarcophagus and need as used in *Backfire*; Debbie looking perfectly Montecarlo-fied with a black wig and bone-colored chair designed by Giger; Giger's ebony version (one was bought by Debbie and Chris); "Are you boys from around here?" asks Ms. Harry.

worked into it are the serene and haunting eyes of his dead girlfriend, who can be seen almost symbolically peering from the passageway, out of which Debbie—looking like a Martian whore—comes dancing. But the video can hardly capture the true, massive sense of proportion to Giger's work.

In the two weeks we stayed in Switzerland we not only saw Giger at work, but also at play. His manager is something of an entrepreneur and owns both a restaurant and a club—each with a touch of Giger in it. But despite a huge reproduction of one of Giger's temples, the Ligh Club is just an ordinary rock club. On Saturdays they would hang out there cooking hamburgers 'til five A.M. Occasionally everyone would dress in monastic robes and hold a censer, all the while burning torches and carrying around Uli's costumed girlfriend.

Just as we were exposed to Giger's world, we exposed him to a little bit of ours when we

went to England together after the taping. He seemed a little bemused and caught off guard with all the facts and staff treatment we encountered. We kidded him a bit in our brash, curt, but not disrespectful, American way—but he soon got used to it. He gave interviews and learned to "enjoy." And as we found out later, we might even have helped to inspire his next book, a series of paintings of New York. No other city inspires him as much, no wonder, with the smoke coming out of the manholes, the machines, and all the other images he loves.

While we were there or the last day of business, it was a total panic. A Swiss-German friend of Giger's was shooting a documentary of us doing the video. Then a BBC crew came to shoot a story on all that was going on. All during this, we were taking photographs of our own. If any scene had us swarming in opposites, and layers upon layers just like Giger's work—it was this scene, our final one.

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| 3 BOMB OVER. I'M DRUNK | 9 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 17 A KID TO SPACE, NEEDY CAN | 36 I'M NOT DRUNK |
| 4 CHAMPION WRESTLING NUT | 10 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 18 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 38 I'M NOT DRUNK |
| 5 I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR. | 11 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 19 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 40 I'M NOT DRUNK |
| 6 I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. | 12 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 20 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 42 I'M NOT DRUNK |
| 1 I GET DRUNK | 13 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 21 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 44 I'M NOT DRUNK |
| 2 I GET DRUNK | 14 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 22 NO MORE FOR TALK THE LESS TIME | 46 I'M NOT DRUNK |
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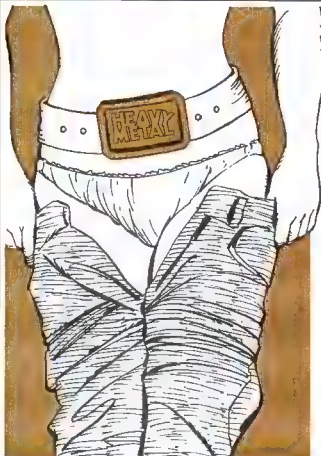
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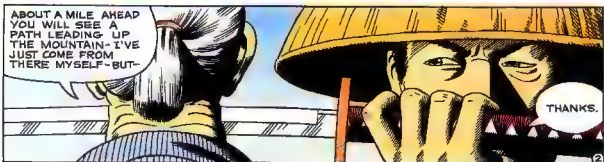
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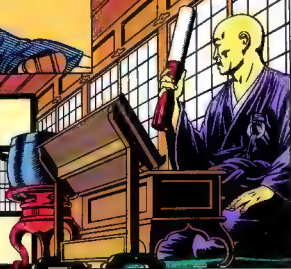




THAT'S ALL
I WANTED
TO KNOW.



I'VE COME FOR
THE TREASURE...
THE TREASURE
OF GOBUJO!



THERE
IT IS.

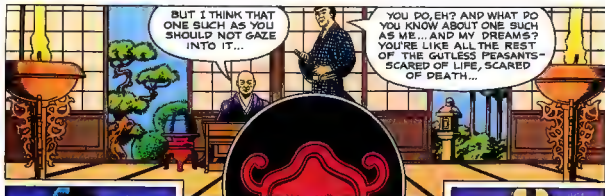
THAT MIRROR?
DON'T PLAY
GAMES, HOLY MAN.
I'M LOOKING FOR
GOLD... THE KIND
OF GOLD IT TAKES
TO RUN A PLACE
LIKE THIS

THERE IS NO GOLD
HERE, BANDIT. THIS
TEMPLE IS BUT AN
ILLUSION... A
CREATION OF MY
IMAGINATION, A
REFLECTION OF
MY DREAMS...



I'LL CUT YOUR TONGUE
OUT BEFORE I'LL LISTEN
TO THAT PIOUS CRAP!
NOW TELL ME—

I'VE TOLD YOU. THAT
MIRROR IS THE TREASURE
GIVEN ME BY GOBUJO. IT
IS NO ORDINARY MIRROR...
IT HAS THE POWER TO
REFLECT A MAN'S DREAMS
AND BRING THEM TO LIFE.
WITH IT I FORMED THIS TEMPLE.



BUT I THINK THAT ONE SUCH AS YOU SHOULD NOT GAZE INTO IT...

YOU DO, EH? AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ONE SUCH AS ME...AND MY DREAMS? YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE GUTLESS PEASANTS—SCARED OF LIFE, SCARED OF DEATH...



BUT I'M AFRAID OF NOTHING... AND NO ONE.

I'VE GOT THE GUTS TO DREAM BIG DREAMS...

REAL DREAMS!

I'LL BE DAMNED!

THE OLD FOOL TOLD THE TRUTH!

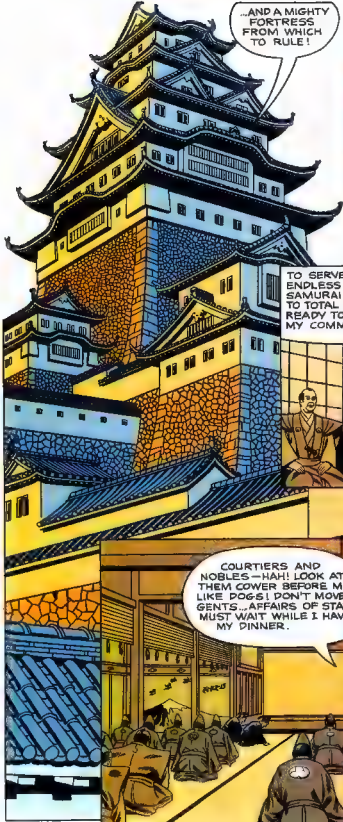


IT'S JUST AS I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED! I'M A DAIMYO...A GREAT LORD!

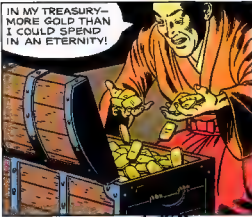
ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD NOTHING I COULD CALL MINE... NOTHING THAT LASTED... BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT ALL!



A PROSPEROUS KINGDOM STRETCHING AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE...



...AND A MIGHTY
FORTRESS FROM WHICH
TO RULE!



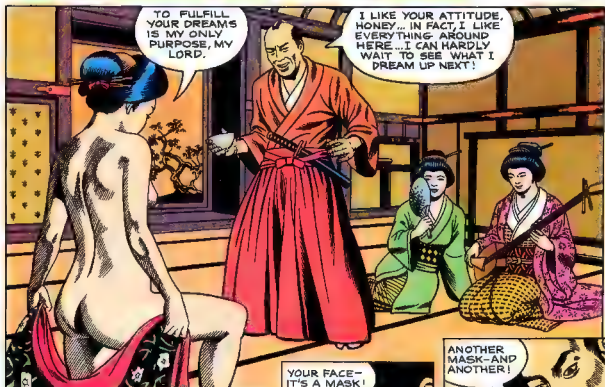
IN MY TREASURY—
MORE GOLD THAN
I COULD SPEND
IN AN ETERNITY!



TO SERVE ME—AN
ENDLESS ARMY OF
SAMURAI... SWORN
TO TOTAL LOYALTY...
READY TO DIE AT
MY COMMAND!



COURTIERS AND
NOBLES—HAH! LOOK AT
THEM COWER BEFORE ME...
LIKE DOGS! DON'T MOVE,
GENTS... AFFAIRS OF STATE
MUST WAIT WHILE I HAVE
MY DINNER.

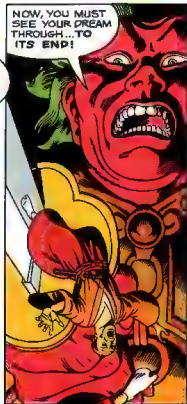
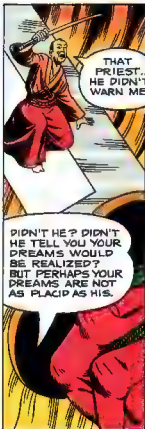








WHO I AM AND
WHAT I DO IS
YOURS TO SAY,
BANDIT.



END.

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#22/JANUARY 1979 Tina makes her debut here and Drullet concludes "Gal" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? \$3.00

#23/FEBRUARY 1979 Galactic Geographic Starcrow Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bize and Macedo \$3.00

#24/MARCH 1979 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrow L and Ellison's late show \$3.00

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Va Mayers's Time Out And much more \$3.00

#26/MAY 1979 It's a American (except for Drullet's Dance) and a Proust play Mean arrows including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien \$3.00

#27/JUNE 1979 Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous \$3.00

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's Zooks premiere Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts \$3.00

#29/AUGUST 1979 Gazez it's the show with New Ark City plus Mayer's Eynid Galactic Geographic Bode more \$3.00

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Eric "Buck Rogers" Alford named Elvis and Little Red V's alongside Moebius and Moebius \$3.00

#31/OCTOBER 1978 Halloween strays with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius Bracco Drullet Sordien others \$3.00

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Let us give thanks for Corben's Rowell Bode's Zooks Burner's Eric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more \$3.00

#33/DECEMBER 1979 A Christmas package from Gaze Corben Kefaudd Sordien Stars Tina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Garts \$3.00

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade begins with a new look for HM with the debut of four new round-ups new artists Neal McPeters and Dan Sapien the conclusion of Corben's Rowell and much more \$3.00

#35/FEBRUARY 1980 An eerie Coubert cover opens this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfen begins McKie's experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip \$3.00

#36/MARCH 1980 Why did The Crowslake take jailbelle? For the answer read the Schulen Bros strip Plus Corben Malena Moebius and Leo Morris's Good Vibrations \$3.00

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue—thirty-two pages of Champaxou in living color the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage plus Gaze Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more \$3.00

#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Arie ever find out? Will Champaxou reach the Day of Jade? We show you with the alien Marjorie! Take a look We'll never fail! \$3.00

#39/JUNE 1980 Champaxou meets his fate while Captain Sterne saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Walendas vs. Earth! \$3.00

#40/JULY 1980 The Alchemist Supreme continues with Arie earning the truth about his sidekick Mulky Bilal's Progress begins and Moebius returns with Shore leave \$3.00

#41/AUGUST 1980 Drullet returns with the last installment of Sordien while Moebius concludes Shore Leave (and Sordien's) Bilal continues Progress \$3.00

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980 The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's Progress picks up steam Eric Colton Paul Krimmer and Leo Duranone all contribute in fly shorts while Rock Opera gets stranger yet \$3.00

#43/OCTOBER 1980 Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius Voss Spain Drullet Yeates He Howarth Kerkgaard Jr. Colton and Malena and not to be missed! \$3.00



#44/NOVEMBER 1980 With the Shogun spirit above this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some overly elaborate Moebius. Kaluta Springett and Bilal (\$3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar" Crapax's "Valentine" and Godard and Ribera's "What is Reality Papa?" Plus "The Custer of the Fog." "Rock Opera" and Moebius's (\$3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronolan returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his HM debut with "Bang Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezzenos, and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phoenix?" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses "Crucian Defense" while "The Horny Gool" an inevitable Moebius character gets himself in and out of trouble. Sappho, added attraction. Pages from Jeff Jones's "Yesterday's Life" and an interview with the man himself! (\$3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 Tex Arcana John Finley's epic Western begins. "What is Reality Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Drullit's interpretation of Flaubert's classic "Salambo" comes to an end. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America (\$3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981 Art and the Nazis Corben's "Bloodstar" O'menez's "Good-bye Soldier!" Harry North's "Stones from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? (\$3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Ribera's "The Immortals: Fale!" Plus: Snyder's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality (\$3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview. A view, Jim Steranko's adaptation of "Outland" premieres, and Howarth's "Changas" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crapax, and our own John Workman! (\$3.00)

#52/JULY 1981 Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of "Outland" continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic prup girl wraps it all up (\$3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981 Sperad on the Immortal Majesty: the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen page pull-out section on the making of a Heavy Metal movie (\$3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's "Den II, Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Gomez's "Infantimism" "Nativity man!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror (\$3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981 Shakespeare for Americans: the first episode of Sagall's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Drullit, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko (\$3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981 Jeronolan's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrettes, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Di-no-bau! (\$3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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dress-up hat!

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el Rhodante
del Astro IN

AVEC
"L'AMBROID"

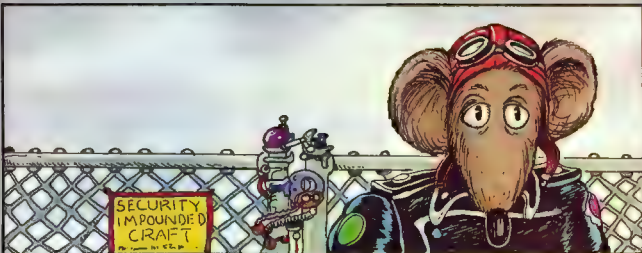
ROSE LIGHT GROVE



Phil Witte 1980

YEAH, THEY'S GOT MY BUDDY "L'AMBROSE" MJS' BE 'CAUSE I DINT PAY MY BACK RENT YET WHATTA BUNCH OF GREEDY SCUM-
SUCKIN' LOW LIFE' AND DESE KAND GRUBBERS RUN DIS DUMP OF A PLANET

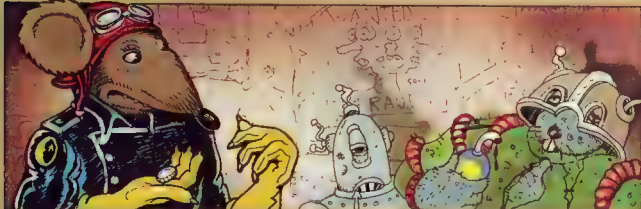
WELL, NO AC-DC SLIMY-FINGERED FED'S GONNA KEEP AN BUDDY FER LONG. DAT LACKEY HAS GOT A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR DEM! ERR...HEMMMM, I TINKS, DICKEL-NOSE DORKER AND HIS TIN-STAR



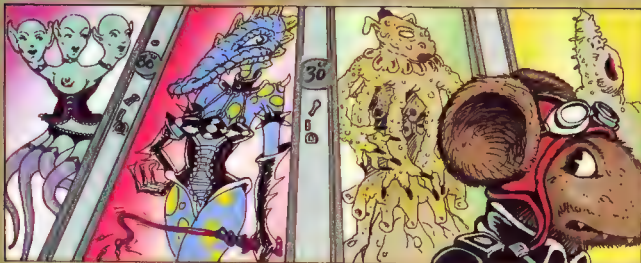
OH BOY! PINHEADS, PIENHEADS, AND PE-EYED CLITES—DER LOT ARE OUT TONIGHT MUST BE SOME KIND OF HUSTLE GOIN' ON! I CAN PULL OFF HERE AT 42ND AND REX



AIM SEEMS LIKE A NIGHT OUT FOR THE ELITE VERITABLE CREAM OF DA COSMIC CROP



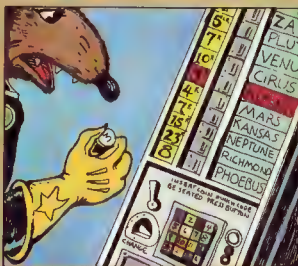
AND ME HERE WIF ONLY THREE CREDITS TO ME NAME CAT AIN'T EVEN ENOUGH FOR A MARTIAN BLOWJOB GIVES ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES JUST TA THINK ABOUT MY PERSONAL STATE OF ARREARS



MAYBE I KIN HUSTLE UP A LIL SCAM OF SOME SORT ENTERTAINING BORED TOURISTS / NOW DERES A PERRFUNCTORY IDEA!



AW DAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE THREE CREDITS IS GONNA GET ME



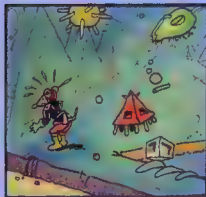
OKAY, SUCKERS, HERE I IS



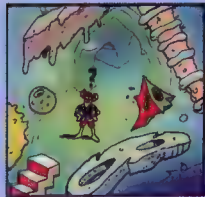
HEYYYY! WHAT A REVOLVIN' DEVELOPMENT DYS HAS TURNED
OUT TO BE!



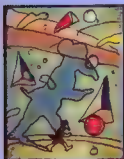
YARG! AM I ALIVE?



IF DIS PLACE IS ALTHUR A



I'LL EAT MY GRANNYS SHORTS



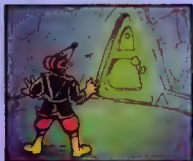
WOTTA MESS!



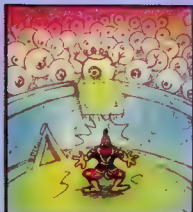
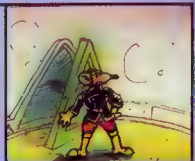
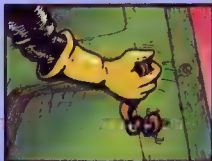
FER A L'L FELLER



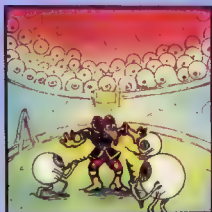
LIKE ME



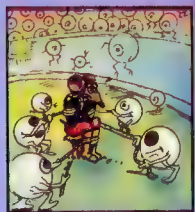
ONLY ONE WAY OUTA HERE! AN I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR ME OUT DAT DOOR!



SHIT! HUMAN EYEBALLS!

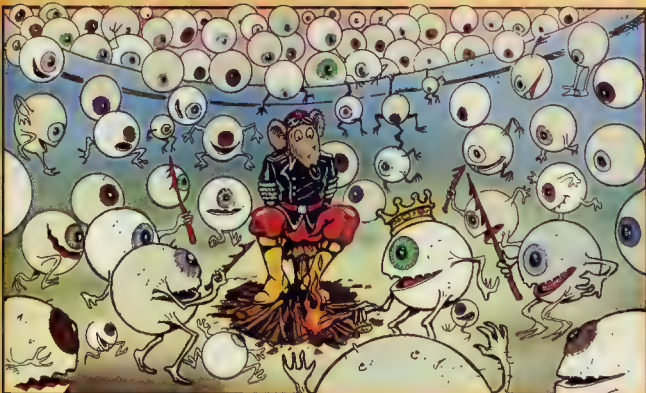


ANE! WHAT'S DIS? (ERR WHAT DO YOU CALL DEM EYE M D 32) A PROCTOLOGISTS CONVENTION???



YOU'D NEED A HEFTY LOAD OF SPECS FOR THE LOT OF YOU

AN 'MOUSE FELLAS IS NO FUN AT ALL.' HEY!! IX-NAY ON THAT TORCH, BUDDY! I'S GOT FEELINGS, TOO. OBESE BOOTS COST A LOT OF CREDITS. DON'T YOU GO GIVIN' ME NO HOT FOOT! YOU PROBABLY AIN'T SMELLED BURNING MOUSE. WELL, IT'S A AWFUL STINK REALLY PUTREFIED! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE STINK OUTA YER CLOTHES. HEY, WATCH IT!



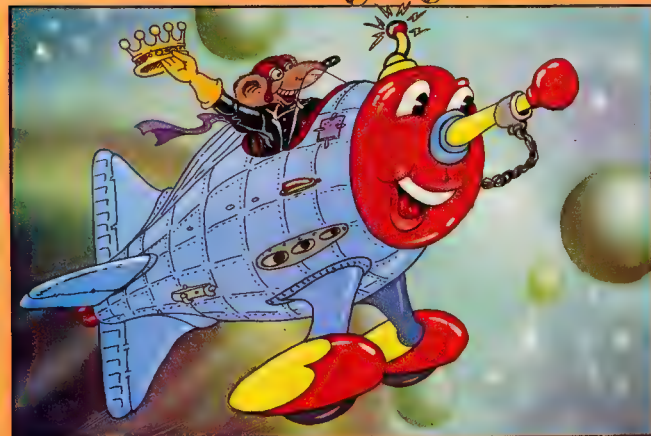
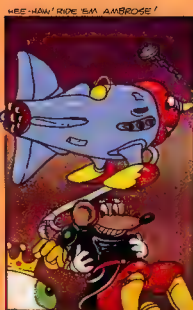
MOUSE EATING EYEBALLS. WHAT DIS WORLD COMING TO?



I'S GONNA DIE!

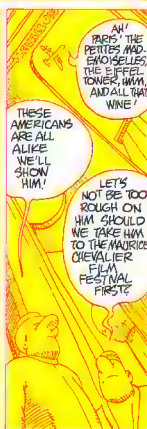
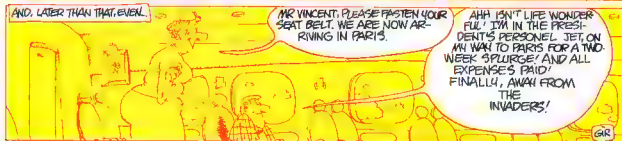


HEY! DAMNED IF IT AIN'T LIL' AMBROSE!



WIF D-4 CROWN WE GETS RENT AND LOVS MORE. MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GETS ME A PLUTONIAN WOMAN FOR DA NIGHT. HURRY, LTL FELLA. MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT BACK IN TIME FOR DE HAPPY HOUR!

THE END



HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal Animation Cel Portfolio Heavy Metal Pencil Animation Portfolio



Heavy Metal Movie Portfolio of Original Art We are proud to announce an entirely new concept for both portfolio and original art collectors. It is no secret that the fantasy/animation motion picture release of the fall is the eagerly awaited *Heavy Metal Movie*. This film is the result of a huge collaboration of creative talents, including over seventy animators from fourteen different countries. There are eight segments in the finished film, each inspired by a feature in the magazine. The portfolio consists of one original hand-painted animation cel from each segment. The cels have been carefully selected; they are all prime cels showing full figures or head and shoulder shots. There are no 'throw away' cels. Each cel will be embossed with a seal denoting it as a part of this limited edition of 1,000 portfolios. Original animation cels are highly collectable, and it is not unusual to see a single cel going for more than the entire cost of this portfolio.

The eight segments of the film are stories within themselves. "Soft Landing" is the opening sequence, which evolves into the 'Grimaldi' story that is the key bridge between segments, the first of which is Richard Corben's "Den." This is Corben's long-running series from *Heavy Metal*, and the animators have gone to great lengths to translate Corben's unique graphics into an animated format. We are then treated to the farcical outer-space adventures of Captain Stern, faithfully animated from Berni Wrightson's *Heavy Metal* story of the same name. On to "B 17," which is billed as the first true EC-style horror story to be animated. The work is based on the art of Mike Ploog, who needs no introduction to comics or animation fans. The next feature is "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," which combines illustrator Angus McKie's intensely detailed backgrounds with a couple of Cheech and Chong-inspired space jockeys. Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is a mind-bending trip through New York City of 2031. The clincher of the film is the 27-minute "Taarna" sequence. This is a sequence that could only be animated full of wild beasts and impossible events.

Here is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to own an actual frame from the movie. The package measures 11" x 14"; the majority of the cels are approximately 10" x 13". The portfolio is packaged in a full color, numbered folder. No two are the same. This outstanding package will coincide with the new release date for the film.

\$70.00

Heavy Metal Movie Original Pencil Art Portfolio This portfolio is a companion piece to the above-mentioned cel portfolio. During the animation process, the artists produce a large number of pencil drawings as a guideline for the cels. We have compiled portfolios of an original pencil drawing from each of the eight segments. The pencil drawings are designed to capture the character and quality of motion. Each of the drawings is original and done expressly for the film. Packaged in a handsome illustrated folder featuring a pencil stage drawing of Taarna, as the cel portfolio features the finished art version of Taarna. Limited to 1,000 numbered copies.

\$25.00

HEAVY METAL

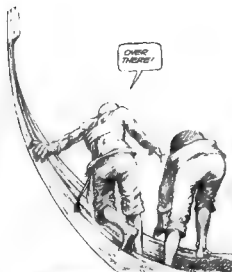
Heavy Metal Original Cel Portfolio
Heavy Metal Original Pencil Art Portfolio
Enclosed please find my check or money order for the portfolio(s) indicated above. U.S. orders add \$1.75 postage and handling. Canada add \$3.00; Europe, Asia, Australia add \$4.00. U.S. funds, do not send cash. Please send free Fantasy Catalogue only.

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AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

AFTER AN ATTEMPT
AT FLYING, THE CYM-
BIOLIAN FELL INTO
THE GONDOLA
LADEN WATERS AND
WAS RESCUED

HE'S ALIVE! IT'S A
MIRACLE!

HEY, LOOK!
HE'S OPEN-
ING HIS EYES!



NOW ARE THE WISE
AREN GOING TO REBET
NOW I'M AFRAID TO
HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE
TO SAY TO US

IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING
BUT THOSE BEASTLY
ANIMALS FROM UP
ABOVE ARE

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
THESE QUARTERS
WERE SO NARROW

HE'S REALLY
PUSHED HIS
LUCK THIS
TIME

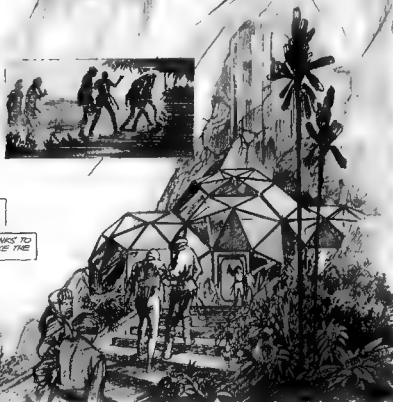


WE'LL SEE AND
SOON ENOUGH

HE SURE IS THE MAN ON
THE GRID HAD ALREADY
GOTTEN UP LAST WEEK

THAT FELLOW IS
STRANGE, DON'T
YOU THINK?

HE MIGHT BE WEIRD, BUT THANKS TO
HIM WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE THE
ATTEMPT

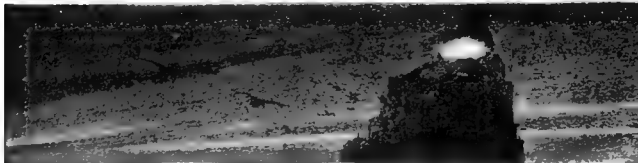
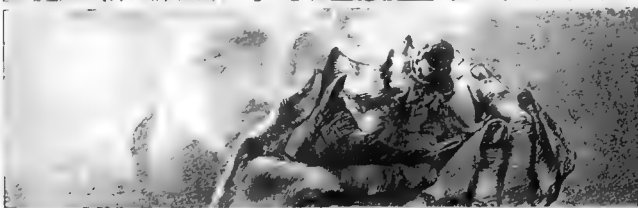




NOIN, WORK AND
HARD EAT YOUR
TRIP

I HAVE DECIDED THAT
YOU FIVE WILL LEAVE
BY SUNSET. THE
COMPANY'S EARNINGS WILL
GIVE YOU A SLIVER OF
TRIP TO PREPARE FOR
YOUR DEPARTURE

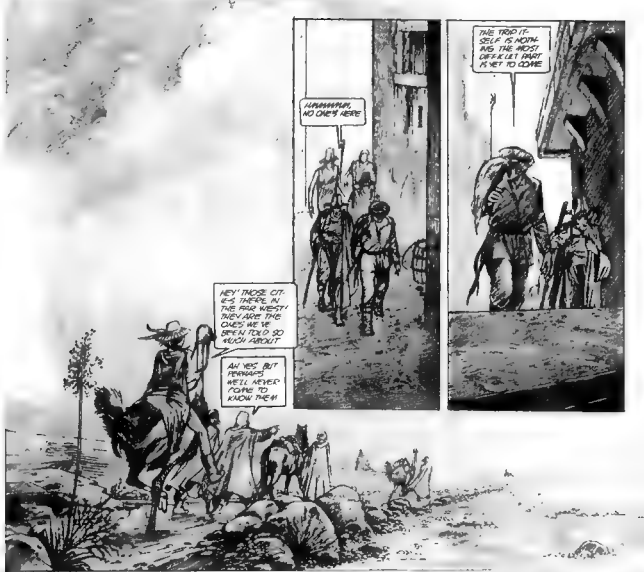
I HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU FIVE WILL LEAVE BY SUNNY'S 11TH COMPANY'S EVENING WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO PREPARE FOR YOUR DEPARTURE



SO, DRAWN BY THE DESIRE TO RE- AND INTERPRET THE MYTH OF CARLA, WHICH IS SO INTIMATE TO THE HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, THE GROUP LEFT IN SEARCH OF THE MIDDLE OF CAMBIOVA. PATHS MORE OR LESS FAMILIAR TO THEM DO EXIST BUT, UNDER SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS FROM THEIR MENTOR, THE GROUP DECIDED TO TAKE ROADS THAT WERE NOT AS YET KNOWN, FOR IT WAS ALONG THESE UNTOUCHED AVENUES THAT THEY WOULD FIND THEIR GOAL.



MY GOD, OUR CITY
HAS DISAPPEARED



AAAAAAAAA
NO ONE'S HERE

HEY! THOSE CIT-
IES ARE THERE IN
THE FAR WEST!
THEY ARE THE
ONES WE'VE
BEEN TOLD SO
MUCH ABOUT

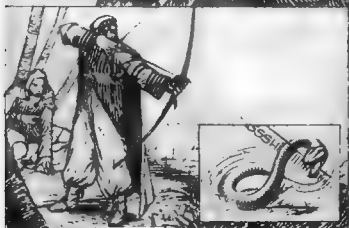
AH YES BUT
PERHAPS
WE'LL NEVER
COME TO
KNOW THEM

THE TRIP IT-
SELF IS NOTHING
BUT THE MOST
DIFFICULT PART
IS YET TO COME



FINALLY, THE OASIS
FROM HERE, WE
CAN GET OUR
BEARINGS. YOU
GO, AND MAKE
SURE THE COAST
IS CLEAR

WOULDN'T YOU HAVE
SOME THINGS WORTHY
TO SHOW US



I'M AN
ANTHROPOLOGIST
AND I'VE
POSED TO
HAVE TWO
HEADS



YOU
WILL
BE
SAFE

HEY YOU STAY
BEHIND THAT
BRISTLE COME
WITH US



AND SO, FOR LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, THE MEN FOLLOWED THE WOMEN. THEY BATHED WITH THEM. THEY MADE LOVE TO THEM. BUT WHEN NIGHT GREW NEAR, THEY PICKED UP THEIR GEAR AND CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA.



DEAR READER IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO ASSESS JUST HOW DRIVEN THESE FIVE MEN WERE. BUT FOR THEM THE KNOWLEDGE OF FLIGHT, AND THE UNDISCOVERED HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, MEANT ALL THE WORLD.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PUT **HEAVY** UNDER
 YOUR TREE

TOP QUALITY 50-50 COTTON POLYESTER

I would like the following items as indicated.

- ☐ Baseball Jersey — White/Black (A) Taarna
- ☐ Baseball Jersey — White/Black (B) Den
- ☐ Baseball Jersey — Heather/Black (C) Heavy Metal
- ☐ T-Shirt — Black (D) Corvette
- ☐ Kami — Yellow or Blue (E) Heavy Metal
- ☐ Sweatshirt — Gray Heather (F) Heavy Metal
- ☐ Nightshirt — Tan or Lt. Blue (G) Heavy Metal
- ☐ Baseball Hat — Black/Gray (H) Heavy Metal
- ☐ Nylon Backpack — Black (I) Heavy Metal
- ☐ Nylon Shell Coach's Jacket — Black (J) Heavy Metal

*Runs small.

**Runs large

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| \$9.95 ea | S M L |
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circle one





IT WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK ONE WINTER EVENING IN A SUBURB BY THE SEASIDE. THE FLABBY NATIVES ARE RESTLESS NO LONGER AND ARE GETTING READY TO RETIRE. TELEVISIONS ARE BATHING LIVING ROOMS WITH THEIR ULTRA VIOLET. ONE CAN EASILY HEAR THE CLANKING OF COCKTAIL GLASSES, THE GRILLING OF STEAKS, AND THE BEATLES RECORDS BLASTING FROM THE MODEL KID'S ROOM. OUTSIDE THERE IS NO ONE. ZIPPED TO DESERT, NO MAN'S LAND. IT COULD JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, THE KALAHARI DESERT, OR THE MARGASSO SEA. OUTSIDE AT A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE THERE WAS A CRY, A GUNSHOT, A LAUGH. IF YOU HAD THE VERVE (OR THE WANT) TO LOOK OUTSIDE YOU JUST MIGHT SEE SHADOWS MOVING ABOUT. YET YOU MIGHT NOT. FOR THOUGH SOMETHING DEFINITELY WAS HAPPENING, NOTHING APPEARED TO BE OUT OF THE ORDINARY. BUT WAIT. IT WAS RETURNED AND IT IS HERE. AND IT KNOCKS. AND IN THIS SMALL SLEEPY TOWN THE SHADOW SPREADS. IT IS THE ACCURSED SHADOW OF THE

SKULL AND CROSSBONES





AH, YES, I HAVE RETURNED, THIS TIME AS A
 PIRATE. THROUGHOUT THIS SUBURB, I HAVE
 BEEN DUBBED "BLOODBREARD" AND I SORT
 OF LIKE THAT IT HAS A NICE RING TO IT



I WON MY SHIP, MY DREAM, OFF AN
 OLD ALCOHOLIC SAILOR WHO DIDN'T
 KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
 AN ACE AND A DEUCE

WITH A FEW JUGS OF WINE AND A HANDFUL OF BEAUTIFUL PROMISES, I
 GATHERED A FINE TEAM OF PIRATES, DERELICTS, PIMPS, THE LOT, BUT THEY SUIT
 MY PURPOSES JUST FINE. WITH WINE IN OUR BELLYS AND A MACHETE IN
 EACH HAND, WE EMBARKED ON OUR VOYAGE OF VIOLENCE

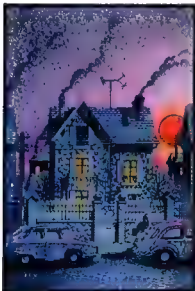


OF COURSE, MY DREAM WASN'T MUCH
 TO LOOK AT: BROKEN ROOF TILES AND
 A GROWLING CERAMIC DWARF WERE
 PILED UPON SIX SQUARE METERS
 OF BADLY KEPT GRASS. BUT UNDER
 ITS BAUHAUS EXTERIOR IT WAS A WON-
 DERMANT OF BEAUTY: A CHARGER
 OF GRAND CLASS, A THOROUGHbred,
 EASY TO HANDLE AND QUICK TO RUN
 BY MIDDLE CLASS STANDARDS. MY
 DREAM WAS ORDINARY, THUS OUR MOST
 PRECIOUS TRUMP IT ALLOWED US TO
 SLIP IN AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF
 OTHER HOMES JUST LIKE IT WITHOUT
 CAUSING SUSPICION. SO, DISGUISED
 AS "FATHER PEACE," ON MY TRUSTY
 SHIP, WITH MY CREW BY MY SIDE,
 I SAILED

IT WAS AT FOUR O'CLOCK ONE MORNING, IN THE MIDDLE OF SUBURBAN QUIET, THAT WE THREW OUT OUR ANCHOR BETWEEN TWO ANONYMOUS HOUSES. WE SAT UNOBSERVED, JUST WAITING.



AND AT THE END OF THEIR BUSY DAYS, THE NATIVES RETURN HOME, HAVE A BEER AND WARM UP THEIR TELEVISIONS AND THEIR INSTANT POTATOES. IT'S THAT TIME THE FEEBLE HOUR, WHEN DOGS AND MEN, IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SOFT CORNERS, GORGE THEMSELVES AND REVERT TO A STATE OF HOMELY BLISS.



AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IT WAS LIKE WATCHING SATURDAY-MORNING CARTOONS. NICE CHILDREN GO SKIPPING OFF TO SCHOOL, NICE DADS STRUT OFF TO THE OFFICE, AND DILIGENT MOMS WALK AROUND THE PARKING LOT AT THE SUPERMARKET. HUNDREDS MUST HAVE WALKED BY MY DREAM AND NOT NOTICED. HAWWWW, INDIFFERENCE, LETHARGY, BLINDNESS.



AS FOR ME AND MY CREW, WE SLEPT WELL. MY MEN SLEPT, I OBSERVED. YES, IN SPITE OF MY APPARENT VISUAL IMPAIRMENT (I HAVE ONLY ONE EYE) I SEE, AND WELL.



AT THIS POINT, MY MEN HAVE AWAKENED. THEY EAT, QUENCH THEIR THIRSTS, STRETCH THEIR MUSCLES, AND POLISH THEIR GUNS SO, WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY,

**RUN UP THE
SKULL AND
CROSSBONES!**



SO, MAJESTICALLY AS EVER, THE ETERNAL SYMBOL OF VIOLENT DEATH, PILLAGING, AND RAPE RISES HIGH UP INTO THE SKY AT THIS VERY SIGHT, HOUSEWIVES TREMBLE IN THEIR FURRY SLEEPERS, THE RETIRED BURY THEMSELVES IN THEIR MOTH-BALLS, AND THE CHILDREN WHO ARE PLAYING OUTSIDE ON A PILE OF BLACKISH SAND RUN TOWARD THE WARM SHELTER OF THEIR NEON YELLOW KITCHENS.

IT'S THE MOMENT OF ATTACK!



THROW OUT
THE
GRENADES!

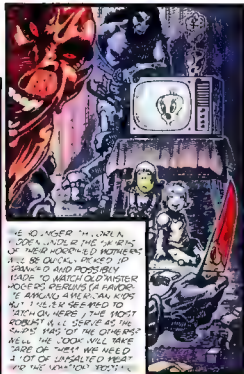


LIKE VAMPIRES THIRSTY FOR BLOOD,
WE SPRAWLED FORTH, GRABBING ON
TO BALCONIES, BREAKING IN
OUR RAGE. HUNDREDS OF LITTLE
NEGRO JOCKEYS THAT STAND
ON GUARD BY EACH HOUSE
NEVER DID UNDERSTAND
WHAT THOSE THINGS WERE
ANYWAY. ICONS OF SOME
SORT, I GUESS.

KILL!
KILL!

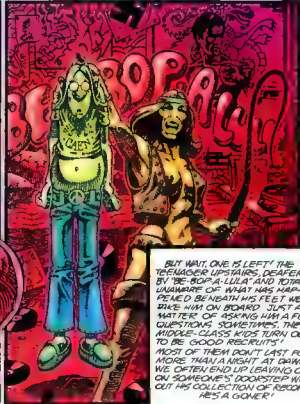


ONCE INSIDE, IT'S A MASSACRE! (DEAR READER, I KNOW I'M CRAZY, BUT YOU KNOW THE WIFE DAD PROBABLY EM LOVED AS A CLERK, 'S USUALLY NOT A SHAPE FOR MAN-TO-MAN COMBAT FACED WITH SWORDS AND DAPNELLS HE'LL NEVER ASY FOR 100% THAT A FEW SECONDS



WE NO LONGER "H. JONEN" DOESN'T UNDER THE "MERS" OF THEIR HORRIFIED MOTHERS WILL BE QUICKLY "PRESSED" ID "DANKED" AND POSSIBLY MADE TO WATCH OLD MISTER MOGERS PERFORM (A FAVORITE AMONG A LOT OF KIDS BUT I NEVER SEEMED TO WATCH ON HERE, THE MOST ROBUST WILL SERVE AS THE "SWIFT" PART OF THE OTHERS" WELL, THE "LOOK VILL TAKE CARE OF THEM" WE NEED A LOT OF UNSALTED MEAT AND THE "MATION" TEST

AS FOR THE WOMEN, THE OPPOSAL ONES ARE KILLED ON THE SPOT (DON'T SHUREK DEAR, 'S JOKE K TH JUDGE- YEN "AND COMMISSION") THE YOUNG ONES ARE PUT ON MY DREAM AND TIED AT THE BILGE BUT 'S REAL, OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY HEART THAT I SPARE THEM THE SINISTER DESTINY WHICH SHORTLY AWAITS THEM



BUT WAIT, ONE IS LEFT! THE TEENAGER UPSTAIRS, DEAFENED BY "BE-BOP-A-LULA" AND TOTALLY UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED BENEATH HIS FEET WILL BRUE HIM ON BOARD. JUST A MATTER OF ASKING HIM A FEW QUESTIONS. SOMETIMES, THESE MIDDLE-CLASS KIDS TURN OUT TO BE GOOD RECRUITS! MOST OF THEM DON'T LAST FOR MORE THAN A NIGHT AT DAWN, WE OFTEN END UP LEAVING ONE OR SOMEONE DOORSTEP WITHOUT HIS COLLECTION OF RECORDS, HE'S A GONER!



MOST IMPORTANT
WE WANT THEIR
MONEY, JEWELS,
ANYTHING OF VAL-
UE I DO THIS BE-
CAUSE SOON I
WILL NEED
MONEY, AND
LOTS OF IT!

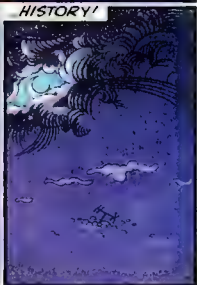
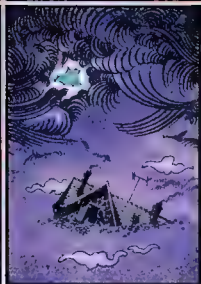


THE REST, THE KNOCKKNACKS, PLASTIC
OBJECTS DIRT, POLYESTER FURNITURE,
CINIZANO ASHTRAYS, BING CROSBY AND
FRANK SINATRA ALBUMS (ESPECIALLY
CROSBY!), BIDEPS, RELIGIOUS ARTI-
FACTS, VIBRATORS, AND THE PARA-
LYZED FORGOTTEN GRANDFATHER-I
BROKE IT ALL I BROKE IT SAVAGELY
I CRUSHED IT! I MANGLED IT! WE'RE
TALKING PULP HERE "I DO THIS BE-
CAUSE MY DREAM WAS BOUGHT EN-
TIREDLY FURNISHED MY COLLECTIONS
OF NAT KING COLE RECORDS AND
THE EARLY EC HORRORS ARE ALL
I NEED

AND WE TOOK OFF AGAIN EVERY-
THING HAPPENED VERY QUICKLY THE
NEIGHBORS DIDN'T MOVE, NEIGH-
BORES NEVER MOVE IF THEY HEAR
SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS THEY'LL
PULL DOWN THEIR SHUTTERS AN MOH
OR TWO MORE, DOUBLE-LOCK THE
DOOR, AND TURN THE TV ON LOUD.



AS A FINISHING TOUCH
WE BROUGHT A BAR-
REL OF GUN POWDER
DOWN INTO THE CEL-
LAR OF THE SACKED
PAVILION AND LIT A
MATCH THE REST IS



THAT'S, THE END HAD DRAWN NEAR FOR THE PROUD PAVILION, GLORIOUS, SAILING ALONG THE RIVER SEINE NO MORE
NICE MOM AND DAD, NOR SWEET BABIES SO, WE TAKE A MOMENT NOW, IN MEMORIAM

AND MY DREAM, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CLOUDS OF STEAM AND SOOT HIDING THE LIVELY OUTBURST OF THE MOON, MELTED INTO THE ANONYMOUS, ELOSIVE DARKNESS



NOW INSIDE IT'S CELEBRATION TIME THE COOKING SHERRY AND THE WHISKY GUSH FORTH THREE RECORD PLAYERS SHOUT AT THE SAME TIME, AND THE VOICES OF ELVIS PRESLEY EDDY MITCHELL, AND JOHN LENNON MIX IN A DISSONANT CHORUS THEY ARE ALL SINGING BE BOP-A-LULA BUT NOT AT THE SAME TEMPO JOYOUS ROCK-AND-ROLLING HAS BEGUN ON THIS FINE SHIP, AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG IT WILL GO ON MAYBE MONTHS



BUT AS FOR ME, WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING, DRINKING, OR CUDDLING OUR BARELY PUBESCENT CAPTIVES I HAVE NO ROOM FOR SUCH TRIVIALITIES THE PASSION WHICH ANIMATES ME IS FAR ABOVE SUCH PLEBEIAN PLEASURES THE PASSION I SPEAK OF IS MY DREAM AS SHE CARRIES ME TO A REMOTE CREEK, A PLACE OF SERENITY, I CHART, WITHOUT DELAY, MY NEXT PLAN OF ATTACK

AH, MY PLANS ARE GREAT IN NUMBER AND GRANDIOSE IN EXECUTION BUT SOON, ALL OF THIS WILL BE FINISHED NO MORE SHABBY TWO-FLOOR BAVILION WITH ITS SIX-SQUARE-METER GARDENS AND CERAMIC DWARFS THERE ARE VASTER LANDS WHICH AWAIT MY ARRIVAL!

TREMBLE, PREFABRICATED CAMPERS. COLD STONE BUILDINGS. TOWERS OF GLASS! TREMBLE, CROSS-ROADS! TREMBLE, MAMMOTH SUPERMARKETS AND SUBURBAN MALLS! TREMBLE IN YOUR STABLE CEMENT!

SOON, SOON, I WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED ENOUGH GOLD TO ANCHOR MY DREAM FOR GOOD AND ARM AN ENTIRE BUILDING, IF I SO CHOOSE

IN THESE GAPING PORTHOLES, I'LL PUT ONE HUNDRED CANNONS! ITS DEEP STOREROOMS WILL OVERFLOW WITH FUEL, WHITE RUM, AND ARMS

SOON, STANDING ON AN ARMORED DECK, UNDER THE BLACK WIND DRIFTING FROM THE SLEEPY SUBURBAN CHIMNEYS, I WILL PILOT HER

SHE WILL BE MADE OF PRESTRESSED CONCRETE AND WILL BE ENORMOUS AND TERRIFYING

THE SOFT TOWNSPeOPLE WILL SHUDDER WHEN THEY SEE THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK FLAG, AND OF ME, 'BLOODBEARD' THE PIRATE. ONLY ONE NAME COULD WELL DESCRIBE THIS STUNNING VESSEL

NIGHTMARE.





What do Bobby London, Jay Lynch, Robert Crumb, and Art Spiegelman all have in common?

Why, they're artfully displayed in the new Apex Treasury of Underground Comics! *The Best of Bijou Funnies* book.

For just \$9.95 you get the Freak Brothers, Mr. Natural, and a lot of obscure strips that you probably haven't thought about in ages!

See, what ya got here is the following: on one cover they're offering ya "The Best of the Bijou Funnies." And on the back cover ya got the "Apex Treasury of Underground Comics," soooo, sandwiched together you have one hefty package!

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Please send me _____ copy (ies) of the Bijou Funnies Apex Treasury book. I have enclosed \$9.95 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) for each book.

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THE IMMORTALS' FETE

Last we read Horus/Nikopol, the newly appointed governor was caught by the immortals. Considered a traitor to his people Horus was condemned to a slow harsh torture

MR. NIKOPOL, WE HAVE RESTORED YOU TO YOUR FORMER SELF. YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO RETAIN ANY POLITICAL OFFICE OF YOUR CHOICE. IN ADDITION, WE HAVE OFFERED YOU STANDARD BUT NONETHELESS DISCREET PROTECTION. IS IT SAFE FOR US TO ASSUME THAT IN EXCHANGE FOR ALL THIS, YOU WILL GIVE MY PEOPLE AN UNRESTRICTED AMOUNT OF FUEL, ANY AMOUNT WE DEEM NECESSARY?

"IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MY BLOOD FLOWS IN GREAT GUSHES"

!?

"JUST LIKE A FOUNTAIN, WITH RHYTHMIC SOBS I CLEARLY HEAR THAT WHICH FLOWS WITH A MURMUR BUT IN VAIN, I TRY TO FIND THE WOUND"



PARIS 23 MARS 2023 - REVUE DE PRESSE.

"L'INDICATEUR DE PRESSE"

PARIS, MARCH 23, 2023, THE PRESS
THE REVOLUTIONARY AIR
CIRCULATION, 160,000 COPIES

EDITION LE GALE - TIRAGE 160 000 ex.

**LE FASCISME EST MORT
VIVE NIKOPOL!**

FASCISM IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE NIKOPOL!

AUJOURD'HUI, 23 MARS 2023, MARQUE LE DÉBUT D'UNE NOUVELLE ÈRE POUR TOUS LES PARISIENS ENFIN UNIS. LE SEULEUR DE PARIS S'ÉPARILLE
RE NOUVELLE D'ÉG
EN SOIT REMERCIÉ ET QUE LES
JAMAIS AU VENT DE L'HISTOIRE ET S'EFFACE DE NOS MÉMOIRES

TODAY, MARCH 23, 2023, MARKS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR ALL OF PARIS. NIKOPOL, THE LIBERATOR HAS ARRIVED! LET US HOPE THAT THE SMOLDERING COALS OF THE EVIL FASCIST FORCE WILL BE SCATTERED FOREVER BY THE HANDS OF HISTORY. LET US HOPE THEY WILL ERASE THEMSELVES FROM OUR RAVAGED MEMORIES.

LES FEMMES EN LIBÉRÉES

UNE A PARALLÈLE LIBÉRÉE
ONE OF THE FIRST MEASURES TAKEN BY THE NEW REVOLUTIONARY POWER CONSISTED
OF LIBERATING 25 000 WOMEN WHO HAD BEEN LABELED "REPRODUCERS" AT THE
ST SAVOIR GIRTH CENTER
THIS REPORTER HAS ALSO LEARNED THAT NIKOPOL PLANS TO APPOINT AT LEAST
THREE WOMEN TO HIS CABINET WHAT A STRIKE FOR MEN OR SHALL WE SAY
WOMANKIND

L'une des premières mesures du nouveau pouvoir a consisté à libérer 25 000 malheureuses femmes dites « reproductrices ». Il est évident que la femme retrouvera, dans la nouvelle situation, son rôle de femme. Il revient de droit et que le fascisme phallicratique lui avait interdit de le faire. Nous pouvons d'ores et déjà annoncer que trois femmes au moins siégeront en tant que collègues mis en place autour d'Alicide NIKOPOL. Ce pouvoir collégial, tantôt d'intellectuels sortis miraculeusement en vie des imposables prisons politiques fascistes, les prochains jours, de définir de manière généreuse les grandes lignes de la nouvelle marche en société parisienne.

FAITS DIVERS LE PAPE

Le pape a annoncé du
NEWS FLASH!
THE POPE IS DEAD!
THE POPE WILL DIE BECAUSE OF HIS TUMULTUOUS FALL
POPE THEODORE TO DIE BECAUSE THAT HE SUFFERED A HEART
IT WAS LATER REVEALED THAT THE CHANGE OF REGIMES
ATTACK UPON WEARING OF THE CHANGE OF REGIMES

LA MYSTÈRE LES MYSTÈRES QUI S'EN SUIVENT REMAIN A QUESTION MARK IN THE MINDS OF PARISIANS PLANS TO LEAVE FROM THE ENDS ASTROPORT FOR AN UNKNOWN CELESTIAL DESTINATION

La mystérieuse... toujours tout des occasions bien informées, quitter trop tôt de Paris-Sud pour une inconnue

LA RUBRIQUE MODE MAQUILLAGE : NOUVELLES TENDANCES

THE FASHION TIMES
THE TRENDS FOR SPRING
MAKEUP THE TRENDS FOR SPRING
IN A FIT OF REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT TO CHANGE
LOOK IN MAKEUP IS DESTINED TO CHANGE
STRENGTH IS IN AND IS RICH GREEN FOR THE
LIPS AND RED FOR THE LIPS AND BODY HAIR THE
COMPLEXION WILL REMAIN PALE FOR A DISTINCT
CONTRAST (DETAILS AND PHOTOS ON PAGE 9)
-MR MARK

DERNIERE MINUTE

Éprouvé par son implacable lutte contre le fascisme, Alicide NIKOPOL, notre sauveur, a décidé de prendre quelques jours de vacances. Il-même de

NON

NO FASCISM IS NOT DEAD! WE MUST
FIGHT AND FIGHT AGAINST THE RED VER-
MIN NIKOPOL! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
OUT! TERRORISM!

Gogol & Algei

THAT CAME DRY ABOVE THE CITY

QUE DE LA
RAIE? I'LL BEY
"I LOVE
MONOPOLY!"

AND IN THE LIVING ROOM
OF THE NEW REVOLU-
TIONARY POWER AT ELYSEE
HEADQUARTERS

SO, DOC-
TOR? WHAT
IS YOUR
CONCLUSION?

THIS IS A
CASE UNPRECE-
DENTED!

THE HEADACHES HAVE DISSIPATED, BUT
PARTS OF THE BRAIN SEEM TO HAVE
BEEN COMPRESSED, ALMOST AMPU-
TATED. NOTHING APPEARS TO BE
MISSING, THOUGH ACCORDING TO MY
FINDINGS, THE HEART HAS BEEN RE-
STORED, YET IN A WAY UNBENIGNANT
TO ME, AND FINALLY, THERE IS THE
STEEL LEG WHICH HE SPORTS AT THIS
POINT. IT SEEMS TO BE AS NATURAL
TO HIM AS IT IS AMAZING TO US. THE
ONLY PROBLEM HE SEEMS TO HAVE
WITH IT IS ITS EXTRAORDINARY WEIGHT
VERY OFTEN IT HINDERS HIS
NORMALLY RAPID GAIT

THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM WE HAVE HERE IS HIS
LOSS OF REASON. I SEE NO WAY TO AID HIM IN HIS
RECOVERY. THE POOR MAN CONSISTENTLY RECITES
NONSENSICAL POEMS. ONE AFTER THE OTHER, HE
REMAINS EXHAUSTED OR BURSTS OUT IN FITS OF
LAUGHTER FOR NO APPARENT REASON.

MMM WELL, THESE FIND-
INGS CERTAINLY MAKE IT
DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIM
A ROLE MODEL FOR
OUR PEOPLE.

HA HA
HA HA
HA!

THERE HE
GOES! HE'S
STARTING UP
AGAIN!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
ALL OF PARIS SEES HIM AS
THEIR SAVIOR. THE LEVITATE

HERO, AND WE
CAN'T DENY THE
FACT THAT HE
HAS BROUGHT
ON THIS
POLITICAL
COUP. EVEN
IF HIS BE-
HAVIOR WAS
QUESTION-
ABLE AT
TIMES, HE IS
STILL THEIR
MAINT

THIS IS VERY
BOTHERSOME,
INDEED!

OUR POWER IS
STILL TOO UN-
STABLE TO

LET ME THROUGH! I AM HIS
SON!

WOW, WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

CENTRE
ST
SAUVEUR



AWW,
HE'S
CRAZY!

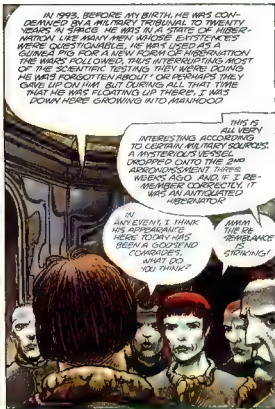
I AM
NIKOPOL!
ALCIDIE
NIKOPOL,
JR. THE
SON OF
ALCIDIE
NIKOPOL!

?!?



I KNOW YOU FIND THIS DIFFICULT
TO BELIEVE, BUT HE IS MY FATHER.
LET ME TRY AND EXPLAIN.

TELL
US



IN 1993, BEFORE MY BIRTH, HE WAS CON-
DEMNED BY A MILITARY TRIBUNAL TO TWENTY
YEARS IN SPACE. HE WAS IN A STATE OF HIBER-
NATION. LIKE MANY MEN WHOSE EXISTENCES
WERE QUESTIONABLE, HE WAS USED AS A
GUINEA PIG FOR A NEW FORM OF HIBERNATION.
THE WARS FOLLOWED, THIS INTERRUPTING MOST
OF THE SCIENTIFIC TESTING THEY WERE DOING.
HE WAS FORGOTTEN ABOUT, OR PERHAPS THEY
GAVE UP ON HIM. BUT DURING ALL THAT TIME
THAT HE WAS FLOATING UP THERE, I WAS
DOWN HERE GROWING INTO MANHOOD.

THIS IS
ALL VERY
INTERESTING ACCORDING
TO CERTAIN MILITARY SOURCES.
A MYSTERIOUS VESSEL
DROPPED ONTO THE 2ND
APPROXIMATELY THREE
WEEKS AGO. AND, IF I RE-
MEMBER CORRECTLY, IT
WAS AN ANTICIPATED
HIBERNATOR.

IN
ANY EVENT, I THINK
HIS APPEARANCE
HERE TODAY HAS
BORN A GODSEND
COURAGEOUS.
WHAT DO
YOU THINK?

WMM
THE RE-
SEMBLANCE
IS
STRIKING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

COMRADE NIKOPOL,
THAT IS, ER, YOUR
SON ALCIDIE. HE
HAS AGREED TO
TAKE YOUR PLACE
AS LEADER OF THE
PRISONERS, WHILE
YOU RECOVER.

RIGHT



I'M SURE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW
ABOUT MY EXISTENCE, BUT I AM
YOUR SON. YOURS AND CLEMEN-
TINE MORGANDON'S.

"OH, YOU"



"THE ANGELST
AND THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
OF ALL THE
ANGELS
GOD BETRAYED
YOU BY DESTINY
AND DECEIVED
YOU OF PARADISE
O SATAN
TAKE MY
ON MY LONG
MISERY"

PARA

SINCE THAT DRY WREMS HAVE FOLLOWED THE NEW POWER
ORCHESTRATED BY A MOTIVATED YOUNG ALICIDE NIKOPOL
STRUGGLES WITH THE NEW EGALITARIAN SOCIETY.

IN ADDITION TO THE ECONOMIC AND ENERGY PROBLEMS
THAT HACE THIS WEST CITY, THERE ARE THREADS OF INTER-
URBAN WARS. THESE JOUSTS ARE MOST PROMINENT
AMONG NORTHERN AND WESTERN CITIES.

THERE ARE A LARGE NUMBER OF PROBLEMS CONCERNING
COEXISTENCE WITH EXTRATERRESTRIAL RACES. THE POPE'S
LITTLE CHERUBS FROM DIPNDRA NOW OCCUPY ALL OF NOTRE
DAME, AND THEIR BREEDING HABITS ARE CONSISTENT

THERE ARE TERRORIST ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF GOV-
ERNMENT OFFICIALS, BUT ALAS THAT HAS COME TO BE
EXPECTED

AND FINALLY, THERE HAS BEEN A RASH OF MUTILATED NEW-
BORNS. THIS EPIDEMIC IS BELIEVED TO HAVE STEMMED
FROM THE SEXUAL RELATIONS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE
BETWEEN PARISIANS AND EXTRATERRESTRIALS, BUT NO
ONE KNOWS FOR SURE

PARYS 2023 LIFE HERE IS FRAGILE, BUT FREE. PEOPLE
ARE GETTING READY TO SAIL THROUGH VERY TROUBLED
WATERS, AND IT WILL BE EVEN MORE DIFFICULT WITH-
OUT THEIR LIBERATOR, THE UNFORTUNATE, OFTEN
PITIFUL ALICIDE NIKOPOL

END



LET'S
GO, MR
CAROLINE
GET DRESSED
OR YOU'LL
CATCH
COLD

"YOU WHO KNOW ALL, GREAT KINGS OF
JUBTERBOANDIAN THINGS, YOU ARE THE
FAMILY HEALER OF HUMAN AGONIES"



"O SATAN,
TAKE PITY
ON MY
LONG
MISERY"



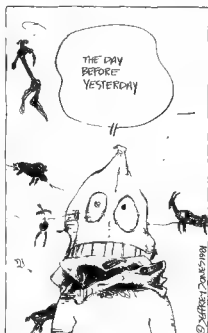
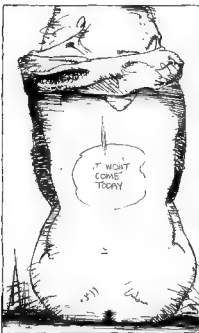
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STORY, ART, AND COLORING EBIAL

I'N AGE

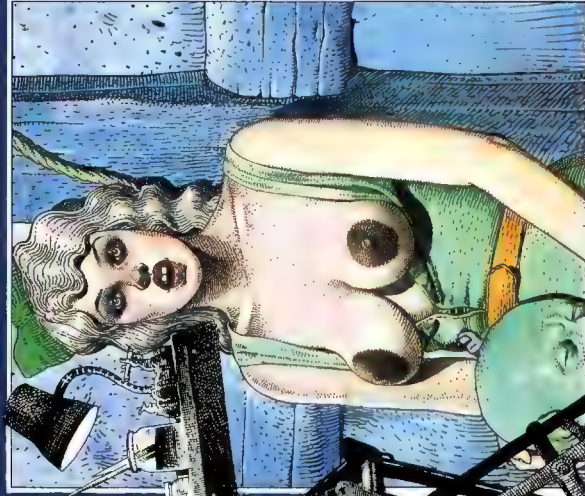


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THE BOOK OF MOEBIUS

"Mobius strip (mə'bi-ē-əs) / A one-sided surface that can be formed from a rectangular strip rotating one end 180° and attaching it to the other end."
 Mobius is that. Pure enjoyment. A wonderment of fantastic images, stories, and ideas for one's reading pleasure.



Heavy Metal is proud to present an extravaganza of Moebius material never before published in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a lust for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between Moebius and the noted film director **Alexandro Jodorowsky** (of *El Topo* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Incal" offers intrigue and espionage funneled by a group of slightly confused agents.

Afterwards Moebius invites us all to join him on his summer vacation, where he and his family come across some real oddballs.

We also witness the signing at **Wounded Knee** and check in to the **Grand Hotel**, an off-the-wall retreat where the happenings are goofy and soon unpredictable.

Plus a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color, sixteen page display, you will see everything from movie posters to Gerald Ford (?!) to French science fiction book ads to Western chivalry to soft porn.

Introduced by **Federico Fellini**, this book explores Moebius's multiple styles, a task never before undertaken by an American publisher.

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Wands.

Methylc Caps.

Mars Bar.

Milky way.

It was impossible for us
to forget our fate.

During the rest cycle, we were woken up by Dr. Isaac Liftov, from Mission Control.

Listen, I think I may have come up with a way for you guys to stay alive for a while.

How long is "a while"?

Well, a couple of million years, maybe. You'll have to flash-freeze yourselves--like coffee flakes.



How the hell do we do that?

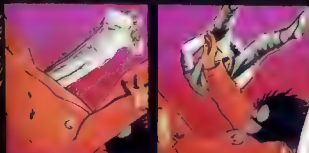
Well, two of you are going to have to go out in space suits and wrap a long length of hose around the ship. Then you use the fuel pump to blast all the air in the cabin out, and then back in again.



It sounds pretty dumb, but it's your only chance.



Marty pretended to have diarrhea, so in the end,



I had to go out with Miss Canada, Adeline Jones. She looked very fetching in her suit.

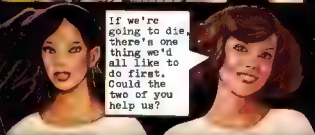




As we drifted outside the ship, watching the earth recede into the endless empty womb of space, I suddenly felt very alone...



Listen, we don't know about this freezing thing--



If we're going to die, there's one thing we'd all like to do first. Could the two of you help us?



Sure!

Great!

Good--we want you to pick a pageant winner.



I voted for Adeline, but Marty and the secretary of state held out for Miss Nevada--

--who said she'd sleep with each of them once she was thawed out.



After the coronation, the girls took their clothes off and covered themselves with suntan oil.



BAKE
TEMP

Adeline froze
then in the
cargo hold.

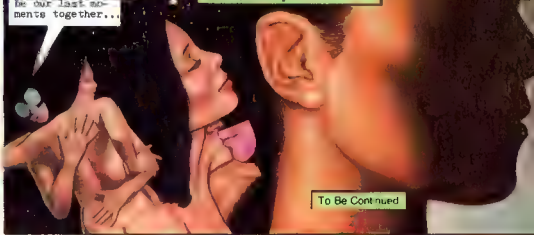
SLOW
COOK

Then after a certain amount of bickering, it was our turn.



I'm sorry--it's just that you're so beautiful, and these could be our last moments together...

This was good stuff, and I think I was really getting somewhere, when she turned the fuel pump on, and we were suddenly fro--

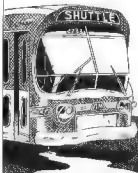


Key! You guys are peeking!

To Be Continued

BELIEFS REGARDING DEATH AND THE AFTERLIFE

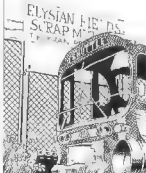
END OF SERVICE



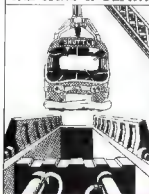
FINAL JOURNEY



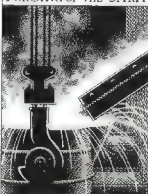
HALLOWED REST



THE JAWS OF DEATH



FORGING OF THE SPIRIT



RETURN TO THE PHYSICAL PLANE



REINCARNATION AT A HIGHER LEVEL



COMING NEXT ISSUE...

A look into the future

In the January issue we do just that. *HM* will devote a section (sorta like a magazine within a magazine) to wishing you all a "Happy Future!" In it, a group of the French artists will illustrate odd projections, including—but could it be?—the man of the future—what we will look like in years to come. Oh, it's frightening. Brad Balfour interviews some of notables on what they see ahead: **Robert Silverberg**, **Robert Sheckley**, and **Greg Benford** are but a few of the men who speak out. Plus, the continuations of **Corben's** "Den II," **Segrelles's** "The Mercenary" (will he get the girl in the end, or what?), and **Schuiten's** "At the Middle of Cymbria." **Steranko's** "Outland" will conclude. Honest.





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just how she (with a little help from Giger) did it.**

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